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THE RESOLUTION "DODGE."

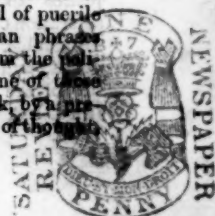
SIR HUGH CAIRNS, in a speech of unrivalled ability, has fixed upon the Resolution of Lord JOHN RUSSELL its just and appropriate designation. The spirit in which it has been conceived, the policy with a view to which it was framed, and the end which it was intended to compass, are simply and purely those of a "dodge." If it is said that the Bill of the Government is so fundamentally vicious that it was necessary at all hazards to defeat it, the proper and natural course was to move its peremptory rejection on the second reading. If, on the other hand, it was thought undesirable to postpone the settlement of the question, and with this view was deemed expedient to modify the objectionable features of the Government measure, it was easy enough, in the existing temper of the House of Commons, to put such a pressure on the Administration, and in such a manner, as would have permitted them to comply with the opinion of the majority. The answer of Mr. DISRAELI to the question of Mr. MITCHELL, on Thursday night, sufficiently indicates that Ministers were by no means disposed to resist such a solicitation. But no man who knows the real history of the Resolution can doubt for an instant that it was drawn for the express purpose, and with the single intention, of excluding the possibility of concession by the Government, and that its only object was, not to settle the principles or to promote the cause of Reform, but purely and simply to storm the Treasury Bench. It was whispered in the Clubs that, at a private meeting of his followers, Lord DERBY had made an indiscreet declaration on a particular point; and it was therefore upon this point that the political intriguers fixed as the one which could best serve the purposes of faction. While they pretended that they were cordially anxious that the Government should accept their conditions, they took care to make just that condition which they thought, "from information they had received," it was wholly impossible the Government should accept. This condition was selected, not because it embraced the whole, or even a principal part, of the scheme, but merely and simply because it was one to which they thought they could best pin their antagonists. Deliberately shutting their eyes to the general bearings of the question, obstinately regardless of the real interests of the country, desperately careless of the consequences of an unprincipled manœuvre, they have concocted and presented a "dodge" which has been contrived to serve the temporary turn of half-a-dozen politicians who have nothing in common but a restless ambition. What is to be the final result of a course so discreditable to Parliamentary government, and so injurious to representative institutions, at the moment at which we write is still undecided. The judgment of all impartial and patriotic men upon the conduct of those who amuse themselves by playing at "ducks and drakes" with the Constitution of the country has been for some time unmistakeably pronounced. The great difficulty in reforming the House of Commons is to be found in the fact that day by day the men who assume to guide the opinion and direct the action of the House are falling more and more into public contempt. On every side and in every class of society, whatever may be the differences of opinion which men entertain on particular points, there is one sentiment which is growing with alarming rapidity, and consolidating itself into a most dangerous unanimity; and that sentiment is one of sickening disgust at the reckless dishonesty with which great and vital questions are dealt with by public men.

In the midst of this universal plague of chicane, we are happy to be able to signalize the speech of Mr. WALPOLE as a striking and honourable exception. He is the first man who, in a debate touching the foundations of the English Constitution, has been capable of approaching the question

in a spirit of patriotism and impartiality, and of rising above the petty interests of a selfish faction. If the counsels of Mr. WALPOLE and of the colleague who shared his views had prevailed in the Cabinet which they left with so much honour to themselves, the embarrassment in which the country is placed need never have arisen. If party spirit were capable of the magnanimity of acceding to the suggestion which he has wisely pressed on the consideration of the House of Commons, the impending mischief with which we are menaced might yet be arrested. We agree most cordially with Mr. WALPOLE that it will be a most "dangerous experiment" to throw this question to take this or that direction." We agree with him that "it ought to be settled, and to be settled now." And it is because, knowing and believing this, he has had the manliness and the patriotism to do what he can to promote such a settlement, that we can respect him as a conscientious politician—a character which we should find it difficult to allot to those who, knowing and believing the same thing, have done everything in their power to obstruct and defeat an end in which the highest interests of the country are involved.

That the Government cannot proceed with their Bill in its present form is admitted on all hands. We are not disposed to take quite so unfavourable a view of its provisions as Mr. WALPOLE. At the same time we admit that it is open to grave and even fundamental objections. But it is enough for our present purpose simply to say that the Bill "will not do." It is sufficient condemnation of it that it is not popular. To give a Reform Bill any chance, it is indispensable that it should be popular. For it is out of the question to deal adversely (as all Reform Bills must deal) with existing interests, unless you obtain some counteracting support to neutralize the opposition you create. We may take for granted, then, that the Government Bill, in some manner or other, must be considerably changed. The proposition for the disfranchisement of the borough freeholders must be got rid of. The real object of those who have the settlement of the question and the interests of the country at heart, ought to be to get this done as easily and speedily as possible. But that is not the object of noble lords and right honourable gentlemen who care nothing for the interests of the country, and are only intent on getting possession, at all hazards, of the Treasury Bench. Their single aim is to make it impossible for the present Administration to do that which nine men out of every ten are agreed would be highly for the public advantage. It was impossible, during the course of Mr. WALPOLE's speech, not to observe how many members on the Liberal side of the House sympathized in the course which he urged upon them—viz., to accept, in place of the Resolution of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, an undertaking by the leader of the Government that the objectionable parts of the Bill shall be freely open to modification in Committee. But this will not serve the purpose of the gentlemen who are knit together, as Sir E. LYTON has well said, by a rope of sand. They have got their scratch-pack together, and they are determined to have their sport. They are resolved to run down the game—what they may smash in their course is to them, we need not say, wholly immaterial.

In order to defeat the hopes of a rational and patriotic solution of the difficulty, we have all the Parliamentary slang revived about "second readings" and "principles of the Bill." But what is the principle of the Bill? We are told, "identity of franchise." No doubt the Government deserves to suffer for the introduction of this precious morsel of puerile cant. It is just one of those shallow charlatan phrases which might have been expected to proceed from the political mint of the author of *Comingsby*. It is one of those childish epigrams in which empty pretenders think by a pretentious aphorism, to assume the semblance of depth of thought.



But after all, when it comes to be examined, what is it but a mere quibble of words? If Mr. LOCKE KING's Bill had been carried last year, we should have had "identity of franchise" with the universal concurrence of all the gentlemen who now denounce it as a principle subversive of the Constitution. To elevate the question of the similarity or the difference of the figure at which the electoral qualification is to stand in towns and boroughs into a great constitutional principle, is the mere pedantry of nonsense. We quite agree with Mr. BRIGHT that it is a matter of total indifference whether the franchise is identical or not. The contest which has been raised on the point on either side, whether on the part of those who maintain that "identity of franchise" is a great blessing, or on the part of those who affirm that it is a great curse, seems to us to be neither more nor less than "deplorable rubbish."

The real practical question to be decided—if indeed it be not already decided before this paper comes into the hands of our readers—is whether the Bill is to be moulded into a form in accordance with the sentiments of the majority of the House of Commons, or whether the intrigue is to be consummated by which the Constitution of the country is to be cast adrift at the mercy of the waves of agitation and the doubtful direction of a Coalition crew. The debate of Thursday night cast a very significant light on the results which may be expected from the immediate ejection of the present Administration. To any one at all versed in the myteries of Parliamentary cipher the speech of Mr. BRIGHT contained in itself a whole programme. In the House of Commons the lion of Birmingham "roared like any sucking dove." He laboured to persuade us that he was, in fact, no lion, but "plain Bottom the weaver." But "the sweet little cherub who sits up aloft, and takes care of the fate of poor JACK," had evidently been carefully tutored and drilled for the speech which can make or mar the fortunes of the new Coalition. We never expected, indeed, that Mr. BRIGHT would dare to "ballyrag" the House of Commons to its face as he has slandered it behind its back. Cocks of Mr. BRIGHT's breed never venture to crow very loud off their own platforms. The demagogue is not very fond of facing an educated audience who can expose his sophistry and denounce his misrepresentation. But the caution of Mr. BRIGHT very far exceeded the ordinary prudence of a man who is afraid of matching himself with his equals. The speech of Thursday night was studiously dull and most suspiciously moderate. Mr. BRIGHT's sympathies were "not at all democratic"—not the least. On the contrary, he was "very Conservative." And this from the man who has sneered at the Monarchy, denounced the House of Lords, and menaced the Church—who for three months has exhausted all the resources of vituperation and misrepresentation in preaching a war of classes, and exasperating the animosity of the poor against the rich. Is any one so blind as not to see at a glance the true meaning of this sudden change of tone? Is it not transparent to any one who witnessed the careful self-restraint and the ample notes by which this well-studied speech was regulated, what the motive was by which it was inspired? It was meant to calm the apprehensions of the timid Whigs, and to lead them into the trap prepared for them. As the ant-eater pretends to sleep by the nest of his victims till they crawl on his tongue, and he conveys them down his gullet, so Mr. BRIGHT baited himself, on Thursday, for the unsuspecting insects of BROOKES'. How charming to hear his graceful eulogiums on the "good taste and just appreciation of the people of England, by the noble Viscount, the member for Tiverton." How delightful to mark the cordiality of all the passengers in the "same boat." That the Coalition is formed and that Mr. BRIGHT is the keystone of that Coalition, no one can any longer doubt. It will be the fitting close of the career of Lord PALMERSTON to appear as the tool of such a combination. How the real Whig party will like to be the bought and sold of the transaction remains to be seen. In such a coalition it will be the strongest will and most earnest convictions which will predominate—and that predominance will not belong either to Lord PALMERSTON or to Lord JOHN RUSSELL. It is true that a dozen or two of Whig Lords may profit to the extent of a quarter's salary, but the real victory will remain with Mr. BRIGHT. We do the member for Birmingham the justice to believe that he is superior to petty considerations. It is for that reason that he is really formidable. He will succeed because he is resolute, direct, and sincere, and because those whom he will make use of are none of these things. We may admire his qualities, but we are irreconcilably hostile to his principles

and uncompromisingly averse to his aims. We do him the justice to believe that he is sincerely convinced of the truth of the views and the necessity of the schemes which he has advocated throughout the length and breadth of the country. While his Whig colleagues will go on to the end as they have done heretofore, playing fast and loose with the Constitution, he will proceed deliberately and resolutely to its destruction. If he succeeds, it will not be because he has with him the sympathy of the people, but because the interested ambition and calculating cowardice of public men are too much occupied in the pursuit of their own selfish ends to leave them either the desire or the courage to defend their country from evils whose magnitude they perfectly well know, but which they will sacrifice nothing to arrest.

PROSPECTS OF PEACE.

THE events of the last week have gone some way to diminish the fear of an immediate breach of the peace in Europe, though certainly not to remove all causes of anxiety. When the parties to a quarrel are once brought deliberately to meditate on the inconvenience of fighting, it is possible to hope that some expedient may be discovered by which both will declare themselves mutually satisfied. At all events, the "pistols and coffee" are for the moment countermanded. We are not solicitous curiously to inquire into the exact causes which have led to this comparatively satisfactory result. The part played by Russia in the transaction is at present somewhat obscure, but that the proposal for a Congress emanated immediately from the Court of St. Petersburg appears to be undoubted. Whether this suggestion was inspired by a *bonâ fide* desire to effect a fair solution of the Italian difficulties, or whether it was adopted as the cheapest and least embarrassing method of carrying out a policy with regard to Austria which has been happily described as a *neutralité inquiétante*, remains still to be seen. Certain it is that the Emperor of the FRENCH has shown much apparent alacrity in seizing upon the proffered occasion to extricate himself from a situation which had become intolerable, and was daily growing more and more dangerous to his dynasty. We cannot but regard this result as on the whole highly satisfactory in its bearings upon the general interests of civilization and the future destinies of mankind. Nothing fills the attentive student of history with a more just indignation than the absolute and unrestrained power which was permitted, in time past, to single individuals, of involving whole nations in the calamities of war for the gratification of their own passions, and the ends of their own selfish ambition. If we carry back the mind to the condition of the helpless populations of Europe when the personal rivalries of FRANCIS I. and CHARLES V. were renewing, with alternate fortune and equal bad faith, unceasing scenes of perfidy and slaughter—or when we contemplate, even at the distance of but half a century, the miseries in which the insatiable vanity of the First NAPOLEON involved the greater portion of mankind—we shall be able to estimate in some degree the real advance of that tide of civilization which, in spite of its occasional reflux, still, by the blessing of God, flows for the human race. It is not in the character of individual rulers, nor in any marked decrease of those passions which sway the breasts of men to whom is committed the cruel gift of absolute power, that we are to look for the cause of the beneficent change which our own times have witnessed. Sovereigns are not less proud, armies are not less numerous than in other days. Governments are not less ambitious, statesmen are not less unscrupulous. Yet, in spite of all this, war is far less easy. We do not suppose that FRANCIS JOSEPH would be more reluctant than his great ancestor to match the battalions of the Empire against a French army at Pavia; nor do we believe that it is any sentiment of justice or of humanity that withholds LOUIS NAPOLEON from hurrying to the field of Marengo. Nevertheless they stay their hands, for they are controlled by a new influence upon which emperors and kings were wont to trample. The public opinion of Europe has become more potent than them all. They crush it, indeed, as best they can, within the limits of their own dominions; but it still finds a voice, even in its chains. And there remains always, in free and powerful England, an inviolable herald who can speak to the proudest tyrant the message of warning and defiance from mankind. This is the great lesson which is read by the events that are passing before us, and it is an assurance of hope amidst much that might else compel

us to despond. It is the gleam of the rainbow athwart the dark cloud of tyranny by which Europe is overshadowed. For what, after all, is this enforced pause in the headlong career of wicked ambition but the victory of mental liberty over the brutal despotism of passion and of force?

For the present, the proposed Congress cannot be taken to have advanced further than an armistice. It is but as the truncheon which the public opinion of Europe has cast down before the combatants, who are still armed *cap-à-pië* in the lists, and who may yet at any moment be let loose in mortal strife. Where the Congress is to meet, what it is to discuss, and what Powers are to be represented in its deliberations, seem to be points alike undetermined. All that is settled is that the world, for the present at least, is to talk, and not to fight. Russia has apparently had a hint from France to step in, like the policeman who, "from information 'he has received,' is on the spot to interfere in an 'affair' which one at least of the principals thinks it desirable to postpone. So the police-court is to be resorted to, in order that both sides may be bound over in their own recognizances to keep the peace. To what extent Austria has acceded to the proposed Conference is not yet known. It is understood that she has preferred the not unreasonable demand that, before she enters into a Congress, some precise definition should be laid down of the topics which the assembled Powers are to take into consideration. She is certainly not bound by any rule of reason or justice to accede to a revision of the title-deeds by which she holds her dominions. And a demand on the part of Europe that she should submit her legitimate sovereignty in Lombardy to the decrees of a Congress would be as little reasonable as that we should consent to let the Great Powers adjudicate on our tenure of Gibraltar or of the Indies. The greatness of her own power, and the unanimous sympathies of Germany, afford her the means of insisting on rights to which the public law of Europe entitles her.

It seems to be undecided whether Sardinia is to be personally represented at the proposed Congress. Her exclusion will be not only justifiable, but, under the circumstances of the case, is almost inevitable. It would be difficult to recognise the title of Sardinia to be represented without at the same time introducing plenipotentiaries from all the other Italian Powers, down to the very smallest—a course which would be fraught with the greatest possible inconvenience. We cannot refrain from expressing our satisfaction at the prospect of the extrication of Piedmont from the false and dangerous position into which she had been betrayed by the solicitations of France, and the short-sighted and rash ambition of her own statesmen. We have abstained from expressing with harshness the strong opinion we entertain of the fatal errors which have characterized the recent policy of Count CAVOUR, because we have been unwilling to speak with severity of a man who has rendered great services both to his own country and to the cause of liberty in Europe. It is impossible, however, to dissemble the fact that the new attitude so unwisely assumed by the Piedmontese Government during the last six months has been an immense danger, not only for itself, but for the cause which it professes to espouse. It is a piece of good fortune for Piedmont, which she had no right to expect and can hardly be said to have deserved, that she should have another opportunity of resuming that position of dignified independence and enlightened freedom which had secured to her the respect and the sympathy of Europe. By returning to the policy from which she has so unfortunately departed, she will serve the Italian cause far better than by insidious alliances and unjustifiable aggressions. So long as she confines herself to the maintenance of her own independence and the promotion of the principles of liberty by a living example, she will have the unanimous and decided support of that European opinion which has been compelled to disapprove her recent course.

The present situation of affairs as regards the interests of England may be considered as highly satisfactory. The natural sympathy which a free country must feel for the cause of the oppressed nations of Italy will now be permitted to operate in a legitimate manner. Without invading the rights of existing Governments, or disturbing the public law of Europe, England in the approaching Conference will be enabled effectually to promote the interests of that liberty of which she is the natural guardian. We have, moreover, great reason to rejoice in another result of which the Congress is only the symbol. The insidious and dangerous European

predominance to which LOUIS NAPOLEON had pretended, and which he had almost succeeded in establishing, has been rudely shattered. The cord, strained beyond its power, has broken in his hands. A rash and foolish menace has raised against him a universal resistance before which he has quailed; and an influence such as that claimed by the French Emperor is destroyed as soon as it is defied. Of all the triumphs of public opinion, the destruction of the usurped authority of LOUIS NAPOLEON has been the most signal and the most beneficent. It remains for England to reassert that influence in the councils of Europe which the recent policy of her statesmen has all but destroyed. As the fifth Power in the Congress, the casting vote will practically fall to her. The moment is a critical one, and it is satisfactory to believe that the conduct of our Foreign Affairs will not long remain in the hands of Lord MALMESBURY.

LEADING MEN.

MR. SIDNEY HERBERT'S speech offers the most singular illustration of the unfortunate confusion which prevails among all sections of the House of Commons. As Sir E. B. LYTTON said, "We must have reform, yet who 'wants it?'"—a suggestion which is not the less just because it proceeds from a Cabinet Minister engaged in the defence of a Government Reform Bill. "I want it," Mr. HERBERT replies, because the question has become troublesome in the hands of half-a-dozen insincere Administrations. In other words, one of the ablest of Lord JOHN RUSSELL'S supporters confesses that the object of his temperate aspirations is at best an unavoidable evil. The largest portion of the Opposition dislike the Bill solely because it is so framed that it is impossible that it should pass. Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT is careful to point out the steps which ought to have been taken by the Government, although he announces his intention of concurring in a motion devised for the purpose of rendering a change of policy impossible. The controversy is not terminated by the avowal that the resolution is selected as the readiest weapon for an assault on a mischievous measure. The obvious mode of defeating a bad Bill is to refuse the second reading, and every argument which can be suggested against the employment of a direct negative proves the inexpediency of the resolution which is intended to produce the same result.

It is true that Mr. WALPOLE'S scheme would have been more plausible, and that therefore, in a conflict of well-meant hypocries, it ought to have been preferred; but Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT cannot seriously think that Mr. DISRAELI'S miscalculation of popular feeling justifies an unprecedented and anomalous form of attack. The difference between the existing Bill and the rival project is assuredly not worth a change of Ministry, nor is it commensurable with the mischief which may attend a dissolution of Parliament. The dangerous consequences of a Bill which will certainly never pass into a law, may be contemplated with unbroken tranquillity. The House is perfectly aware that the resolution was framed, not to defeat the doomed Ministerial measure, but for the purpose of ejecting the Government. Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT is undoubtedly sincere in his wish to carry a moderate Bill with the smallest possible admixture of party conflict, and it is therefore unfortunate that he should have concurred in a movement which, as Lord JOHN RUSSELL accurately calculated, would make obstinacy in error a point of honour with the Ministers. Some division in the Committee would eventually have proved fatal to the Bill; but the veteran party leader foresaw that in discussions on particular questions, parties would often be divided transversely so as to deprive the Liberal majority of the profitable credit of victory. That Lord JOHN RUSSELL should organize an anticipated triumph in such a manner as to facilitate his own accession to office was, under the circumstances, altogether inevitable. It is only surprising that Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT, with entirely opposite wishes, should concur in the same Parliamentary tactics. His speech is a forcible apology for a course of action which stands self-condemned by the fact that it requires so elaborate a justification. The House of Commons cannot reasonably be asked to create a new constitutional precedent under the influence of ingenious disquisitions on the theory of variety of franchises. In the latter part of his speech, Mr. HERBERT appears to have recognised the wisdom of building a bridge of gold for a flying enemy, and a prudent strategist would not have yielded to the temptation of mining it and blowing it up before it could be used. After the second reading, the Government could have afforded to

be prudent, and it is highly probable that the general wish of the country would have been gratified by the withdrawal of the Bill. Lord JOHN RUSSELL, with the aid of Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT, has pledged the largest minority which could be assembled to an impolitic perseverance in an impracticable measure.

Beyond the proximate Premier and the irresponsible expectants of minor posts, it is difficult to believe that there can be any desire of immediate accession to office. It is not impossible to make out lists of competent candidates for places in the Government, but the programme of the future Cabinet will be hard to settle. Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT defends small boroughs and high qualifications for voting in counties, and in general he appreciates the wholesome anomalies which have enabled the English Constitution to work. A Government with views as moderate and enlightened as his own would only be liable to the inconvenience of alienating its supporters out of doors. It may be true that there ought to be a Conservative Opposition to check the mild enthusiasm of the reforming Whigs, but Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT does not seriously believe that Mr. DISRAELI will protect his victorious opponents against the pressure of their own impatient followers. The WALPOLE and HENLEY project of reform, though it may be comparatively innocuous in itself, would be ridiculed if it were offered by a new Minister as his justification for forcing his way into office.

Both Mr. DISRAELI with his fancy franchises, and Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT in his vindication of an alternative measure of reform, seem to forget that the classes whom they attempt to conciliate desire no reform whatever. Mr. BRIGHT has enthusiastic disciples, and if there were still a Conservative statesman left, he would command the sympathy of half the House of Commons in declaring against any alteration of the electoral system. It is impossible to burn with enthusiasm on the question of borough freeholds and savings-bank votes. The question lies between the supremacy of the multitude and the maintenance of the existing Constitution, while orators on either side are proving or confuting with irresistible cogency some abstract doctrine which is not practically in issue. "Some years hence," says Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT, "what man will ask 'Who was Prime Minister 'in 1859?' but who will not ask 'What is the Constitution 'under which we are living?'" If the answer is unsatisfactory, posterity may perhaps recur to the personal question, adding the farther interrogatory, "Who wanted to be Prime Minister in 1859?" For the possible deterioration of the constitutional system, Lord DERBY and his colleagues will in the first instance be justly answerable, but the author of the present Resolution is doing still more to prevent the settlement of an irritating and mischievous discussion. The gravest of Mr. DISRAELI's numerous errors consists in the opening which he has furnished to the greatest living master of the smallest acts of faction. The conflict which Lord JOHN RUSSELL is forcing on, with Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT's assistance, is as inglorious as the untoward event of Navarino. In both cases it was the duty and interest of the stronger party to dispense with a victory which could not fail to be mischievous. The Government, like the commanders of the Turkish fleet, was to blame because it supplied a pretext of hostility, but the heavier weight of responsibility remains with Lord JOHN RUSSELL. Mr. BRIGHT, like the Russian Court in 1827, must watch with complacent anticipations the reciprocal attacks of combatants who, while there is little difference among themselves, unanimously repudiate all violent change. No eloquence or ingenuity can acquit the House of Commons of a shortsighted policy proceeding from the conventional insincerity which prevails on the question of reform.

The debate of Thursday, while it thickened the confusion of principles and opinions, threw a certain light on the party question of Lord JOHN RUSSELL's immediate prospect of success. The studious moderation of Mr. BRIGHT's language proves that he has wisely joined the coalition which has been formed by his habitual opponents for the promotion of his own peculiar objects. A repetition of the menaces of Birmingham and of Bradford would have frightened the House, and might have embarrassed the supporters of the Resolution. It was better to defeat the Government and to precipitate a dissolution than to indulge in a barren display of revolutionary violence. On the hustings of a hundred towns there will be abundant opportunity for arousing the passions of the multitude. Mr. BRIGHT, with all his faults, may boast that he has public objects in view, and that he understands the course by which they may be most effectually secured.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL also possesses the familiarity of long practice with the tactics by which Governments are successively overthrown when they have failed to secure the protection of his presiding genius. The constitutional doctrine of "SOMERS, of FOX, and of GREY," practically results in the proposition that the maintenance of the Whig leader in office is the indispensable condition of political tranquillity. After refusing to undertake the repeal of the Corn Laws, Lord JOHN RUSSELL coalesced with Lord GEORGE BENTINCK to drive Sir ROBERT PEEL from office in 1846, and as if for the purpose of showing that the movement was exclusively factious, the Government was defeated on an Irish Arms Bill which the unscrupulous Tory leader had earnestly demanded, and which the conscientious Whig Minister shortly afterwards passed. In 1852, Lord JOHN RUSSELL drove Lord DERBY from office. In 1855, he broke up Lord ABERDEEN's Cabinet by his remarkable desertion of his colleagues. In 1857, he forced Lord PALMERSTON to dissolve Parliament. In 1858, in concert with Mr. MILNER GIBSON, he compelled the same Government to resign, and two months afterwards he attempted to return with its members to office. Notwithstanding Mr. HEADLAM's indignation, the SOLICITOR-GENERAL may perhaps be pardoned for his erroneous supposition that Lord JOHN RUSSELL, in framing his present resolution, contemplated the possibility of gratifying the restless love of power which, on so many occasions he has scarcely attempted to conceal. It is at least certain that nine-tenths of the House of Commons have confidently maintained in their private conversation the opinion which excites so much horror and astonishment when it is imprudently expressed in the House. Lord JOHN RUSSELL may be exempt from the vulgar selfishness of deliberately preferring his personal interests to the public good; but faction, like falsehood, is most thoroughly incurable when it is unconsciously ingrained in the character. After five-and-twenty years of successful coalitions against every Government but his own, Lord JOHN cannot be supposed to have forgotten his appreciation of men in his antipathy to measures when he dealt with Irish tithes, with Irish murders, with Mr. DISRAELI's Budget, with the Crimean war, with the Chinese rupture, with the Conspiracy Bill, and finally with the Borough Freeholders.

FINANCIAL STRUGGLES IN INDIA.

EVERY mail from India brings the news of fresh expedients for raising money, each more futile than the last. A policy which is marked only by repeated failures is naturally enough attacked by critics, each of whom thinks he has an infallible nostrum for extracting supplies from capitalists who have no desire to lend. One scheme is propounded in the Bombay correspondence of the *Times*, and another in its City article, both of which have the great advantage of not having been put to the proof. Possibly they might succeed, but it is by no means certain that the difficulties of the Calcutta Government are not too deeply seated to be removed by any financial legerdemain. While substantial credit remains to a Government, much may depend on the form in which assistance is solicited, but there are ugly symptoms in the Indian advices that the local credit of the Calcutta Treasury will not bear much more stretching in any shape. Up to a certain point, a needy Government, like a needy man, may always attract fresh resources by offering larger terms. But distrust may reach a limit after which the magic influence of a rise in the rate of interest loses all its potency. Every commercial crisis affords an illustration of this. As money becomes scarce, discounts go up from three per cent. to four, from four to five, or six, or eight, and each advance brings in additional supplies of bullion to the country. But if matters still grow worse, any further move in the same direction is generally fruitless. Ten per cent. is, *per se*, more tempting than eight, but the very fact of so high a rate being submitted to creates an amount of alarm which more than neutralizes the attraction of the advanced terms. It was so in the autumn of 1857, when it was found that the demand for discount grew at last more and more eager as the rates of the Bank of England were raised. If ten per cent. is the price of to-day, who can guarantee that it will not be fifteen per cent. to-morrow and twenty per cent. in a week? When once this reasoning lays hold of the public mind, the common law of supply and demand ceases to operate. Those who think they may soon want aid

swell the crowds of applicants, and those who have capital to lend hold back in the hope of realizing the still higher rates which the growing feeling of distrust promises soon to establish. The actual point at which this transition of feeling occurs will be different at different times and in different countries, but it may be laid down as an axiom, that so soon as an advance in the rate of interest fails to attract more liberal supplies, credit has practically ceased to exist, and for the time, at any rate, cannot be resuscitated by the most extravagant terms that can possibly be offered.

The working of the same principle is shown by the career of every spendthrift. He borrows at first on the ordinary terms of the market. Presently he finds his name depreciated, and is obliged to offer five or six where sounder men can raise what they want at four per cent. The next step perhaps indicates that he has passed the limit of ordinary risks. In place of the gradual advance which sufficed before, his offers jump at once to ten or twenty per cent., and very often to no purpose. The more liberal he becomes, the more exacting are the Jews. Every variety of security is equally unavailing. Bills of Exchange, mortgages, warrants-of-attorney, annuity-deeds, post-obits, are tried in turn, and all in vain. The progress from six per cent. to sixty is more rapid than from five to six. He falls into the hands of the cent. per cent. speculators, and there is soon an end of him, unless perchance he is lucky enough to have some rich uncle able and willing to set him on his legs again.

The Indian Government seems to be rapidly nearing the point after which it will have got beyond the pale of ordinary credit. Its offers have now reached something like six per cent. According to Eastern ideas, this is not in itself an extravagant rate of interest; but there are other signs that the borrowing power of the GOVERNOR-GENERAL has come nearly to an end. Every new offer that is made, instead of replenishing the Treasury, only seems to depreciate existing securities. Some years ago there was an unsuccessful attempt to reduce the interest of the debt from 5½ per cent. to 4½. After that came an open loan at 5½ per cent.; but instead of attracting unlimited supplies, it could scarcely be negotiated, and the 4½ per cent. securities soon fell to a corresponding discount. The next device was to accept half the subscriptions to the new loan in the depreciated paper at par. This again failed to furnish the necessary resources, and the 5½ and 4½ per cent. securities fell lower and lower still. The next experiment was an issue of Treasury Bills bearing interest at very nearly six per cent. Still the result was no money, and another heavy fall in the four and five per cents. The project was modified to suit, as was supposed, the convenience of investors, but to no purpose; and now there has appeared an announcement of a loan at 5½ per cent., half payable in cash, and half in paper which has fallen to twelve per cent. discount under the influence of former operations of the same character. Each advance in the offers of the Government merely lowers its credit without securing any adequate assistance. This is the infallible sign that it has reached the spendthrift's critical stage when he is on the point of being excluded from the ordinary market. The six per cent. loan may be replaced by one at seven or eight, or some more ruinous rate; and still, if all analogy is to be relied on, the effect will be little else than to sink the value of the older stock yet further in the market. The last resource has indeed been tried, by notifying that this offer is positively an ultimatum, and that if subscriptions are not forthcoming, the attempt to borrow in India will be given up, and the Home Government will be asked to raise another 5,000,000*l.* in addition to the demand for 7,000,000*l.* which Lord STANLEY is about to make upon the London market. Possibly this threat may bring Indian capitalists to terms. It is at least as probable that we shall soon see the Indian Secretary appealing to the House of Commons for permission to raise another loan.

Where is this to end? A few months ago a certain class of financiers were loud in their outcry against effecting any loans for India in this country, even if the rates at Calcutta should rise to ten or twenty per cent. But what if borrowing from the natives should become impossible on any terms? We have come near to this stage already, and the notion of raising money for India exclusively in India may perhaps be dismissed as a policy already proved to be impossible. But the transfer of operations from Calcutta to London will but shift the difficulty and delay the catastrophe. As yet Indian debentures are nearly at par, but how much of

this seeming credit is due to the intrinsic security of India, and how much to the expectation of ultimate support from the Consolidated Fund, is a problem not very easy to solve. It may be predicted with some confidence, that if the Indian Secretary finds himself compelled to provide for the whole deficit which may be annually expected in India for some years to come, he will find that the security of the Indian revenues alone will not long suffice to bring in money on the comparatively easy terms on which it may perhaps now be obtained in England. The descent of the financial position of the local Government will be followed (if the Indian revenues alone are to be relied on) by a similar, though possibly more gradual, declension of the credit of the Council here. And what will be the resource at last? Will it not be the spendthrift's last card—the rich uncle? After struggling on for a year or two, in the vain hope of nursing resources which are hopelessly deficient, the Indian Minister will do at last what he ought to have done at first, and will tell Parliament the plain truth, that it has but this option before it—either to let India go, or to reinforce her credit and restore her revenues by a frank acknowledgment of the ultimate liability of the Imperial Exchequer. Meanwhile, every year of delay will add to the burden, and the new six per cent. loans which may possibly be raised in the interval will be so many additional millstones about the neck of the Indian Administration. It is well to be wise even at the eleventh hour; but it is far better to be wise in time. If we are to help India, the time for doing so is the present. *Bis dat qui cito dat.*

THE MIDDLE CLASSES AND REFORM.

THE simple truth that the quantity of electoral power in the community can never by any expedient be increased or diminished, has often been insisted on in these columns, but it is wonderful how little it seems to be understood by those who have the strongest interest in understanding it. The existing constituencies are constantly addressed in language which implies that, unless they are absolutely disfranchised, they have nothing to lose by a Reform Bill. If one may judge from the favourite metaphors of political agitators, the electoral body is something like a large half-filled room into which a crowd of fresh guests may be invited, who, on taking their seats, will not the least incommode their neighbours who were there before them. Yet, in fact, you can no more invest a new class with the franchise without weakening the class previously in power, than you can make a plum-cake baked for twelve satisfy the appetite of twenty-four. If Tom and Jack are to occupy the ground on which Tom stood solitary before, Tom must be content to tuck in his elbows, and plant his feet close together. Electoral power may now, for all practical purposes, be considered as distributed among the middle class in certain proportions. If you doubled the middle class, each voter would exercise exactly half the influence he enjoyed before. If you enfranchise the working class, who outnumber the class above as one hundred to one, the proportion exactly represents the loss of power to which the existing constituent body would be called upon to submit.

It is as clear as any proposition can be that every Reform Bill involves a certain forfeiture of influence on the part of the middle classes. It is equally clear that a Bill like Mr. BRIGHT's would absolutely deprive them of the government of the country. To conceal this from them is mere disingenuousness; but it does not at all follow that, obeying their selfish interests, they are to resist every proposal of Reform. Admitted themselves to power by the concessions of its previous depositaries, they are estopped from retaining it as a monopoly in their hands. But before they relinquish the largest portion of the influence which they have hitherto exerted to the undoubted profit of the aggregate community, they are plainly entitled to know something of their proposed successors. Who can tell us anything about the working men? Are they the mere dupes of interested leaders, as men of Mr. BRIGHT's order invariably assure us when they have to contend with strikes and labour leagues? Are they anxious for nothing but relief from taxation—being, by the way, hardly taxed at all—as Mr. BRIGHT insists when it suits his object to say so? Are they brimful of undeveloped energies, as Mr. KINGSLEY seems to think; or running over with potential religious union, as our High-Church lady novelists insinuate in multitudinous single volumes? Do they believe in Mr. ERNEST JONES as they believed in Mr. FEARUS O'CONNOR? Do they listen to such instructors as Mr. HOLYOAKE, as Lord STANLEY

hinted to the House of Commons, not without some facts to back him? Everybody talks about them. Everybody praises them. Everybody has a string of epithets ready for them—"the hard-toiled, intelligent, practical, independent working men of England." But the basis of this gratuitous eulogy is a nearly universal ignorance of their character and objects, varied only, in individual instances, by occasional and imperfect familiarity with a very small fraction of them. We are all in the dark; and yet, in the midst of the darkness, we are asked to acquiesce in a change which will place everybody else at the mercy of the working men. For, as the *Times* truly observed the other day, the objection to proposals for the enfranchisement of the labourer is not so much that they lodge the suffrage in improper hands, as that they virtually withdraw political power from every other class except the one which is to be represented for the first time. A small grocer may, for all we know, make a worse elector than a working carpenter; but then there is scarcely a single scheme for the enfranchisement of working carpenters which will not admit ten of them to the suffrage for one grocer. The savings-bank clause in the Government Bill must be excluded from this censure, and, so far, it is honourably distinguished from the suggestions of that miserable empiricism which knows no machinery of reform except the indefinite lowering of the qualification for the franchise. It is, in fact, one of the simplest and most legitimate modes yet proposed for the admission of the best and most intelligent members of the working class within the electoral pale—an object which we have always regarded as among the most desirable that any Reform Bill could accomplish.

It is difficult to pursue this line of argument without appearing to calumniate the working classes. Yet we do not calumniate any more than we eulogize. We simply profess our ignorance—an ignorance which, we assert, extends to everybody else as well as ourselves. If there is one body in the kingdom which, more than another, seems to entertain an unfavourable opinion of those whom it is now considered insolent to style the lower orders, it is assuredly the House of Commons. The conception of a working man which recent Parliamentary legislation would lead one to form would appear to be that of a child or a savage. The Licensing Acts, with their consequence in the odious monopoly of the brewers, are maintained because it seems that the labouring classes would naturally drink like beasts, but may be hindered from doing so by the restriction of the sale of liquor to one house in a street. The Forbes Mackenzie Act carries with it the double assumption that the Scottish operatives believe in nothing but the Sabbath, and that they would inevitably profane it, if they could, by stupifying themselves with whisky. The Ten Hours Act assumes that the artisans of the North cannot be trusted to make a free bargain with their employers as to their labour, which is their most precious possession. The Savings Banks proceed on the hypothesis that, when they have accumulated capital, they cannot be trusted to invest it without exceptional facilities. The legislation on Friendly Societies implies that they have not wit or forethought enough to frame a contract of partnership. And this astonishing picture of bestiality, improvidence, and silliness has been deliberately sketched by Parliament. It is not our handiwork. We think much of it libellous. But what are we to say to a political assembly, which, if it takes a fancy to the first factious combination which the greed of office may suggest, is capable of allowing the multitude it has thus calumniated to swamp and supersede that middle class oligarchy which has given us, on the whole, the best government in the world!

THE FUTURE OF THE NAVY.

THE promise of a Congress on the affairs of Italy, and the excitement of the party struggle of the last week, have for the moment driven away all thought about the condition of the Navy, which is, after all, a more momentous affair for us than even a change of Ministry or an Italian war. The flattering way in which the French Press has noticed the extent of our ship-building resources may tempt some to think that the urgency of the case has been exaggerated, and that a nation which can talk of building and converting six-and-twenty large ships in a single year may safely go to sleep, and let the Admiralty jog on in its old do-nothing way till another hint of war shall again open our eyes to the deficiencies of the fleet. But we have had enough of delusions already to warn us of the necessity

for systematic labour. The *Débats* may affect to believe that Sir JOHN PAKINGTON was laughing at the public when he dwelt on the superior force of the French line-of-battle fleet to our own; and there is happily a grain of truth at the bottom of its statement, that all the other dockyards of the world would be unable to perform the task which our Admiralty has undertaken for the coming year. But English critics are bound to regard such facts from a point of view very different from that which presents itself to the writer of a leading article in a Parisian paper. A Frenchman considers—and just now is quite right to consider—the French and English navies as comparable on tolerably equal terms, and is filled with uneasy admiration of the magnitude of the resources on which we are able to draw. That England is without a rival, even in France, when she seriously turns her attention to the increase of her navy, is, we are glad to believe, true enough; but for us it is not sufficient to boast of resources which we have neglected to use, or even to content ourselves with maintaining the most powerful fleet in Europe. The old standard of comparison was vastly different. Our Boards of Admiralty, in NELSON's days, measured the strength which they thought requisite for the English fleet, not against one Power, but against the whole force which any possible combination could bring against us. And when we consider the vast demands which war would make upon our ships in every quarter of the globe, and our absolute dependence on naval superiority for immunity from attack, the lofty ambition which was indulged in this matter half a century ago may appear a wiser, a safer, and even a more economical policy than that which would aim at nothing more than a bare superiority to any single rival. When the vessels which as yet exist only on paper shall have been completed, there will remain much to be done to restore the supremacy which England ought to possess. If, as the *Débats* declares, we can build as fast as all other countries put together, we ought to keep a proportionate superiority in the numbers of our fleet. We believe the truth to be that the present capacity of the dockyards is very far from justifying the hyperbolic language of the French newspapers, and that if more ships are the first necessity, more slips and larger docks are almost as much required. But however the fact may be, the possibility of producing a respectable fleet a year after war may have broken out is a poor substitute for actual ships. The only safe policy for England is to have a fleet, not only unrivalled, but unapproached; and the comparatively small increase of expenditure from which so much is expected in the course of the next twelve months shows that this is at least as practicable now as it was when steam was unknown, and first-rates were of smaller tonnage than a modern frigate. French critics have not been slow to discover the real cause of the comparative decline of our naval power. The *Constitutionnel* calls attention to a fact which is more deserving of consideration here than the real or affected admiration of the *Débats*. The contrast between our alternating fits of supineness and energy and the steady progress of our neighbours is not at all creditable to our system. If we are inclined to pride ourselves on our power of turning out a powerful fleet of new vessels in a single year, we ought not to forget the cause which has rendered such extraordinary activity necessary. As the *Constitutionnel*, with exceptional veracity, remarks, the transformation of the French fleet has gone on regularly since the launch of the first steam liner, without feverish anxiety and without intermission. As a necessary consequence, the work has been done well and cheaply. We, on the contrary, have been lying on our oars till we were almost outstripped by France, and are now compelled to do in one year, at greater expense, and with less efficiency, the work which ought to have been spread over two or three at least. Spasms of activity, following long intervals of lethargy, are bad enough in any department, but in the business of the dockyards they are especially mischievous, and it is this which constitutes the real vice of the existing organization. The secrecy of the Admiralty administration, and its subordination to political and party exigencies, are the most certain means that could be devised for preventing the steady development of the Navy. If a Chancellor of the Exchequer finds it difficult to secure a surplus, he has only to put a little pressure on the Admiralty, and all comes right. A few ships of the line, for which orders have been issued, may never be built, but the House of Commons knows nothing of the contrivance by which the expenditure has been kept down, until the accumulated deficiencies of years are suddenly proclaimed, and an unprecedented vote is asked for the construction of vessels

which ought to have been long since afloat. This is just the present position of affairs, and the surest way to prevent the possibility of its recurrence is to keep the country always informed of the real state and progress of the Navy, by some such means as Lord CLARENCE PAGET suggested.

When the decision is made to rest with the House of Commons, we have no fear that the Navy will be starved for want of means, or that the money voted will be allowed, as heretofore, to run to waste. There may be, and probably are, many defects in the internal arrangements of the Admiralty; but we are convinced that publicity in all that concerns the management of the dockyards will do more than anything else to supply a remedy, and the unusual openness with which Sir JOHN PAKINGTON has revealed the secrets of the Board is the strongest testimony to the soundness of this opinion. But as yet no step has been taken to secure for the future the same frankness which, in a time of especial difficulty, the Admiralty has been compelled to assume. Without a definite change of system, a relapse into the old habits of mystery and indolence may be predicted with as much certainty as the fluctuations of party or the vicissitudes of commerce. The navy ought not to be dependent on temporary bursts of panic or enthusiasm, and if the information which is now only vouchsafed on great emergencies were steadily and regularly laid before the public, we should have a guarantee against supineness which experience has proved that the present constitution of the Admiralty does not supply. The improved prospects of a peaceful solution to the Italian imbroglio afford no ground for relaxing our efforts to restore the navy to a proper condition. The ships of France will not cease to exist because the Emperor dreads an encounter with Germany; and the history of a single year is sufficient to show how easily and unexpectedly occasions of quarrel may arise. It is in peace rather than in war that a prudent nation will accumulate the materials of defence. Ships built in a hurry are certain to decay with corresponding rapidity; and if we are ever to get the full value of our expenditure, it will only be when we imitate the example of France, and prefer steady and continuous work to intermittent fits of activity which produce now a fleet of gunboats, and now a squadron of first-rates, with marvellous rapidity, but always a year or two too late. It will be much to be regretted if either foreign or domestic politics should divert the House of Commons from the determination which it has recently shown to secure to itself the constant supervision of the Admiralty, and above all, of the ship-building department. For, until the veil of secrecy which has hitherto shielded the administrators of the navy from prying curiosity shall have been permanently removed, there will be no safeguard against the perpetual recurrence of a suddenly-discovered necessity for the "reconstruction of the British Navy."

EARLY RISING.

THERE are different sets of people who get up early without much difficulty. There is the whole population of Malvern, who live under the domination of bathing-men and women—there are veterans of both sexes who have made campaigns in hot climates, and cannot lie in bed after a certain hour—there are very busy people who cannot grind their millstone satisfactorily unless they are at work either very early or very late, and whom the doctor and indigestion persuade into working as soon as the sun is up. There are also people who cannot get up early—people whose line of business or whose social duties require them to stay up late at night, or whose constitution positively cannot stand the strain which undoubtedly attends early rising until habit has become a second nature. We do not address either of those classes. But a large majority of our readers have it, we should imagine, entirely in their own power to choose whether they shall get up early or not. We invite them to consider the moral problem which is involved in deciding between getting up and lying in bed. Extremes are of course out of the question. We do not speak of lying in bed till noon, or getting up in the middle of the night. Let us put the point in its most moderate, and therefore most practical shape. Let us suppose that those whom we are addressing habitually get up at eight, and breakfast at nine. Is it worth their while to force themselves to get up at seven, and thus have a spare hour before breakfast?

There are so many proverbs, instances, and examples in favour of early rising, and good books recommend it so incessantly, and yet so few well-meaning people practise it, that there is evidently something to be said on the other side. Perhaps young people ought not to know it, but there is a good deal to be said against getting up early. In the first place, most people who chance to get up unusually early find that there is nothing to do when they are dressed. It is true that if the morning happens to be one of those few mornings in the year when there is no mist, or frost, or

cold wind, and if they can get their boots, they may take a walk. But this is only exceptional. The mornings when it is pleasant to take an hour's walk before breakfast in the country are not so many as is imagined by London poets who get up late. Then, if the early riser stays in doors, he or she is plainly given to understand by the servants that so unexpected an appearance is obtrusive and uncalled for. There is no room to go to, no fire, nothing dusted. And the state of things is even worse than nothing; for not only is there no fire, but the fire has to be lit, and the grate to be cleaned, which is a singularly cold, black, and disheartening process. Not only are the things not dusted, but they are going to be dusted. The very chair you sit on has to be groomed, the books you attempt to open will be swept off, the papers you begin to unfold and examine will be tidied. It is true that you may stay in your bed-room and read, but then you have to stifle the ardent desire which early rising is sure to promote for instant movement and a change of air. Often, too, there are physical inconveniences. The early riser, if not tormented with a consequent headache, is often troubled with a feeling of sleepiness and heaviness through the latter part of the day; and as far as time goes, he is apt to lose afterwards much more, while he in some way or other compensates himself for his activity, than he gained by the extra hour we are supposing him to have had in the early morning. But frequently the worst of all the trials of early rising is its moral effect. The early riser is haunted through the day with an exuberant feeling of conscious goodness. The day on which he has performed the feat is not, he thinks, like any ordinary day, nor he like ordinary people who merely come down to breakfast. He has an uneasy conviction that he ought to act up to his own new-born sublimity of character, and to let his light shine before his friends and relations. People, therefore, who get up early are not generally in a pleasant frame of mind, either for themselves or others. They are too high-pitched for their own tranquillity; and if at breakfast there is one of the party more cross and intractable than the rest, it will be probably the early riser. His or her petulance is simply owing to a mixture of sleepiness, hunger, and moral self-approval.

There is, undeniably, something also to be urged in favour of early rising. If the spare hour can be turned to serious profit, so much the better. Coming at the beginning of the day, it finds the mind tranquil, sanguine, and fresh. The time it gives is likely to be free from interruptions, and the good effect of the study will tell more powerfully when it has, as it were, the whole day in its grasp, than if it were merely slipt in among the other thoughts and occupations of busier hours. Health, too, is said to profit by early rising; and so many people have stated this as a fact that it may perhaps be taken for granted. Perhaps also the objections to early rising may too exclusively rest on exceptional cases. It is true that a chance visitor in a strange house may find early rising inconvenient, and if he will persist in the experiment, cannot perhaps do anything better than skulk in his evening boots into a corner of the conservatory where, provided he is not afraid of the gardener, he may sit at peace and wish himself in bed. But we ought, it may be said, to think chiefly of those who are in their own houses and can do as they please, and who can, if they please, secure a fire and quiet at as early an hour as they like. This is perhaps going rather too far on the other side; for, practically, the younger members of families, who alone, for the most part, interest themselves in moral problems, can seldom command so much comfort as this. But let us take a favourable case. Suppose young persons can get such an amount of comfort, if they get up, as will secure them from dwelling only on the discomfort they suffer. Suppose they have strength of mind to occupy themselves when they are up, and supposing they do not pay the penalty of their alacrity in subsequent lassitude—is it worth while to get up? The advantages and disadvantages are, we think, so nearly balanced that it cannot be said to be worth while to make the effort unless it is worth while to make it simply because it is an effort. We have thus worked round to the great problem whether, under any circumstances, it is expedient to do disagreeable things simply because they are disagreeable.

By some persons, and especially by lady-novelists, it is represented as a necessary step to excellence that every one should pass through self-imposed trials. In fiction, these trials are of two kinds. They are either of the sublime and exceptional sort, or they are of the ordinary, small, daily sort. One class of novelists delights to draw a heroine who nobly but unnecessarily gives up her lover and her happiness, and retires into a grand, melancholy, and voluntary solitude. The other class paints the details of domestic life, and the heroine is for ever finding out something she does not like to do, and making herself do it. On the other hand, some masculine writers venture to lay down the broad rule that all self-imposed trials are absurd. A writer, for instance, in a monthly periodical lately spoke of this very subject of early rising, and decided that it was absurd to get up, or to make others get up, before getting up was necessary according to the conventional standard. As between these extreme disputants, we confess we incline more nearly to the latter. For if a self-imposed and unnecessary trial is of a very large and grand sort, it is generally a mistake, and a foolish, presumptuous mistake. We are bound to accept the blessings that Heaven sends us, and not reject them on the plea that it is grand to pass boldly through the trial involved in the renunciation. And if we come to small trials, the difficulty is to know

when to stop. The whole mind of the persons who advocate this minor discipline seems wrapt up in the office of polishing up little moral pins and needles, and running them into the most tender part of their skins. If a thing is a matter of indifference, it is nonsensical to treat it as a matter of importance. Supposing people like an egg best if it is boiled soft, it is surely silly that they should have it boiled hard in order to develop their character. And yet this is the process recommended by precept and example in many lady's novels, especially in those written ten or twelve years ago. Metaphorically speaking, the heroines are always taught to ask the cook to boil the eggs till they are black, and the only wonder is that they are allowed to stop there, and are not encouraged to eat the shells too. The habit of mind thus fostered is very wretched and very unprofitable. The force of character is sapped by these useless demands on it. It might be an extra credit to a traveller that he should get safely to the end of his journey although he has insisted on putting peas in his shoes; but as a matter of fact, he will either not get there at all or will have crippled himself for life on the way.

Still, self-control is everything in character, and we shrink from saying that self-control should not sometimes be exercised on occasions voluntarily chosen. Self-control is, in the modern world, what asceticism was in the mediæval world. For us in England at least, asceticism is a thing of the past. We are now in the middle of Lent, and if any one wishes to appreciate the change which has come over us in the lapse of centuries, let him contrast the Lent of the middle ages with the Lent of modern England. It is not merely that asceticism is thought to be out of keeping with our climate and habits of diet, but we actually disapprove of the principle. Of course there are people, even in these days, who try to keep Lent as nearly as they can after a mediæval pattern, and their resolution and sincerity ought to make them be mentioned always with the greatest respect. But for the great bulk of Church people, Lent, as a period of protracted asceticism, has simply no existence whatever. But we should all be sunk in the slough of contented enjoyment if there had not risen up in the modern world the new feeling of individual self-control. To enjoy, but to enjoy moderately, is the aim, the very difficult aim, of existing society. Each individual, free, in a great degree, from the guidance and criticism of his neighbour, is to decide where for him the limits of moderation are to be fixed. Now, just as in the days of asceticism it was found that the ascetic habit gained by observing periods of extra severity, so probably the power of self-control would be strengthened by occasionally exercising it where there was no absolute call to do so. This is all a matter of individual taste, feeling, and experience. But for those who think such a course expedient, there could not, perhaps, be any better exercise of such self-control than that of early rising. It is not too small and peddling, for it gives an accession of time that may be spent seriously and profitably, and it imparts, for the moment at least, vigour and freshness to the body, while its discomforts are sufficient to render it an act of some resolution to encounter them. It is free, so far as any human act can be free, from the subtleties of casuistry; and it attracts little attention, and is not liable, like insisting on eating very hard eggs, to be misinterpreted. Any one who decides on subjecting himself to an occasional Lenten strictness of self-control could not, we may venture to suggest, do better than get up for a week at six o'clock.

THREE FINE SPEECHES.

THERE is a well-known passage in one of Lord Macaulay's *Essays*, in which he insists that the faculty most valuable to an English statesman is that of uttering without premeditation arguments which shall produce in the minds of an excited audience a conviction capable of enduring from midnight to the adjournment of the House of Commons. The growing attachment to early hours and debates of several days has, it must be owned, rather tended to depreciate this quality of ready audacity which formerly went so far to make a first-rate speaker. A man who knows that his opponents may quietly meditate over a verbatim report of his speech all day, and then walk down to the House to answer it in the evening, is likely to grow much more measured and deliberate in his oratory than if these opponents had to depend upon their memories and promptitude alone. Modern improvements in reporting have enabled members of Parliament to combine some attention to public business with a very moderate degree of personal presence in or near Westminster. Perhaps the voting-papers intended for the convenience of constituents might be adopted, with general consent, by representatives, who would thus be enabled to perform their Parliamentary duties without that absence from their provincial homes which Royal Speeches usually treat somewhat as an evil to be happily remedied by a prorogation.

If this practice of speaking rather to the reporters than to the House should extend itself, as probably it will, the audience will certainly lose as much as the readers gain. The error of putting too much thought into a discourse will spread from the pulpit to the green benches, and the impatience of debates will become as general as that confessed by the hearers of sermons. If the speeches delivered on the side of Government on Monday and Tuesday evenings had been less premeditated and artificial than they were, we should feel it to be a disloyalty to art to criticise them as strictly as published essays. But Lord Stanley is, and probably

values himself on being, pre-eminently an industrious man, and it is fair to judge any speech of his with a severity that would scarcely be applicable to the unstudied eloquence of his father. Again, Sir E. B. Lytton has been throughout life a most laborious cultivator of every talent he received from Heaven, and he would probably consider it something like a sin to speak off-hand to-night if he had the option of reserving and preparing himself until to-morrow. It is perfectly fair to read and read again before criticising what has been so carefully elaborated before delivery. And as regards the Solicitor-General, if he does not feel able to rely upon his great powers and constant practice in speaking, but must needs fortify himself with scraps from *Hansard*, he cannot complain if censure should be as deliberate as the speech upon which it is pronounced.

Looking at these three speeches merely as specimens of oratorical art, our admiration cannot be withheld from the dexterity they display in dealing with those troublesome "working classes" of which we hear so much in all debates upon reform. Lord Stanley, somehow or other, had managed, before he took office, to acquire a reputation for democratic tendencies, which some persons thought must inevitably show themselves in the production, by his father's Government, of a most comprehensive measure of enfranchisement. This anticipation has not been fulfilled; but still Lord Stanley appears anxious, so far as words will go, to preserve to himself the reputation of being a friend to the "working classes." He therefore expresses his desire to speak with all respect of them, and if he cannot but admit that a large portion of them are unable to read and write, that, he says, is the fault not of themselves, but of those above them. This, perhaps, is as happy a bid for popularity with the masses as an ambitious young aristocrat ever contrived to make. We give Lord Stanley all due credit for his most successful stroke of flattery. To want reading and writing, he further says, is no fault, though it may be a disqualification. Civil Service Examiners—if very civil—would perhaps say the same thing to disappointed candidates. Honest Dogberry considered that these accomplishments came by nature, and Lord Stanley seems to think that the want of them may also be most properly ascribed to nature, or at least to birth. But let us suppose that, under the encouragement of Lord Stanley and other autumnal lecturers at mechanics' institutes, these "working classes," supplying the neglect of those above them, have taught themselves what a public speaker in unenlightened times once called the three R's. By the first two they are, on Lord Stanley's admission, qualified for the franchise, and by the third they are enabled to appreciate the numerical arguments of Mr. Bright. Of course all itinerant Lords and members of Parliament go into ecstasies at this improvement of intellectual wastes, and if compliments on platforms could satisfy our "working classes," it would be very well. But if, in virtue of the reading and writing, they demand the franchise of which arithmetic enables them to calculate the value, what will the noble and right honourable friends of progress find to answer to them? Lord Stanley and Sir E. B. Lytton have said very plainly that England has of late years been governed, and on the whole well governed, by the middle classes. Both speakers, with abundant emphasis, and the Colonial Secretary really with unusual fire and eloquence, have called upon these middle classes to rally and defend their existing hold upon the powers of government. We do not doubt that these spirited passages will have good effect, especially in the event of a dissolution. Neither do we in the least question that the gentle manipulation of these distinguished orators will produce excellent results with that portion of the working classes which, appreciating as it does Mr. Holyoake, is also capable of understanding Lord Stanley. But what, we should like to know, would be the consequence if these three speeches should happen to be deliberately perused by any member of either class who might be capable of the unusual mental exertion which is vulgarly described as "putting this and that together." The working classes, we presume, are not likely to become less numerous either by learning to read and write, or by facilitating certain occult proceedings of Chancellors of the Exchequer by depositing largely in savings-banks. If their numbers remain undiminished, the effect of their votes must be the same, whether the institute and the savings bank, or the public-house and the pawnbroker's shop, be their daily haunts. It would therefore seem that the middle classes, if duly alive to the warnings so eloquently addressed to them, should in self-defence discourage mental improvement in all beneath their own level. They ought to cease subscribing to schools and libraries, and to promote in every way unthrift and riot among their dependents, and this upon the plain principle of self-interest which warns an American slave-owner against developing the intellect of his slaves. We do not mean to say that this monstrous doctrine is really held by the party to which these orators belong, or even by the orators themselves. It is only a curious and unexpected result obtained from a comparison of three speeches which were intended only to attack enemies, and not to be consistent with themselves or with each other.

If, by the power of imagination, we could actually realize to ourselves the feelings and wishes of these "working classes," some settlement of this nightmare question of the franchise might perhaps be possible. According to Lord Stanley, the "philosophical speculations of an unpopular character" which emanate from Mr. Holyoake, and "an earnest sympathy with the cause of democratic institutions" in all parts of Europe, are much in

favour with that portion of those classes which most ardently desires to possess votes. If we were to describe these aspirants for the franchise as partisans of atheism and anarchy, Mr. Holyoake and Mr. Mazzini might perhaps complain, but not, we believe, with much ground of justice. Such, it seems, are the views and sympathies of those labouring men who really wish for votes, while those among them who are tolerant of the reign of God in heaven and of Emperors and Kings on earth do not care much more about the franchise than if they belonged to the middle classes and lived in Finsbury. But Lord Stanley's strength, it must be owned, does not lie in the forcible expression of his feelings, and even the philosophical mechanic awakens in him only a tame enthusiasm. Let us hear, then, Sir E. B. Lytton. Is he afraid of the working man? Certainly not. On the contrary, he is proud of him, "whether he be the simple village peasant, with his homely virtues, or that more agitated, but amid all his faults, that noble human being, the skilled mechanic of our manufacturing towns." There is in this passage a sublime height of art that was not attained without long and careful practice. Sir E. B. Lytton has often assisted at agricultural meetings where they praise a labourer and give him a sovereign for bringing up a family upon nine shillings a week wages, and at last he has grown so skilful that he can praise a man without giving him anything at all. Surely the peasant of homely virtues, or that noble human being who has a thirst for knowledge, and perhaps is at this moment reading *Eugene Aram*, will feel that the franchise were better refused by Sir E. B. Lytton than granted by Lord John Russell. Surely he will be content with "dreams of a political Utopia," and will not press his claim to interfere with the destinies of England. It is one thing to admire an intellectual shoemaker and another to give him a vote, just as pumping up enthusiasm and drawing cheques on behalf of the Italian exiles are entirely different operations. We cannot say that our own strong objections to such a wholesale admission of working men to the franchise as would deprive of all real electoral power the classes above them, at all reconcile us to a hollow and insincere cant which is far more likely to stimulate than to appease dangerous and revolutionary demands.

But in the art of persuading hungry men to accept praise instead of pudding, we find the Solicitor-General even a greater master than Sir E. B. Lytton. He is asked, he says, why he cannot trust the working classes. The answer which he gives unhesitatingly is that he trusts them fully—he trusts their loyalty and patriotism. But because he trusts them, is that a reason why he should give them votes? An honourable member here ejaculated "Oh." We are ourselves so confounded at the marvellous audacity of the orator, that it is almost the only comment we can, at the first moment, offer. Silence in the presence of a masterpiece of art is perhaps the most fitting criticism. It is asked, in another part of the same surprising speech, how thoroughgoing demagogues could have come to an agreement with Lord John Russell. Perhaps they did it upon the principle hitherto held to be a sound one, that half a loaf is better than no bread. The Solicitor-General tells the starving mechanic in effect that no bread is better than half a loaf; and this he asserts with so much confidence that one has to collect one's faculties, and make a great mental effort before doubting it. The working classes sometimes happen to be out of work, and dependent, until better times, upon shopkeepers who will give them credit. If the Solicitor-General kept a chandler's shop in a large town, and were to answer John Thompson's application to be supplied with necessities by saying, "I trust John Thompson, I have in fact the very highest opinion of John Thompson's industry, intelligence, and sobriety, but as to selling him goods on credit, that is quite another matter," we fear that no rhetorical ornament could conceal the truth, that under these circumstances John Thompson and his family must starve unless the shop on the other side of the street should prove more accommodating. No doubt, if words could supply the place of things, the firm to which Sir Hugh Cairns belongs might command a very large trade, for a more brilliant and tastefully arranged assortment never tempted the fancy of a customer. Lord Stanley, for instance, is combating the argument that a working man may want to draw out his deposit from the savings-bank, and thus would lose his vote. In just the same way, he says, a man may be obliged to give up his roof, house, and therefore all these tangible qualifications may be proved to be equally unsubstantial. But the fact that under the English climate a house is more necessary to existence than a deposit at a bank appears to have escaped his notice. Then, again, he asks, if you are to insist on residence in boroughs, why should you not exact it in counties also? The answer is, that the Chandos clause only requires the occupation of "lands or tenements." Now, in the latitude of these islands, sleeping in a field, even with the gate shut, is dangerous to health, and the definition of a tenement quoted by Lord John Russell does not specify that it must have a roof and walls. A tenement, in legal language, is that which you can hold, and not that which will hold you. These, it may be said, are minute and captious criticisms which would not occur to one who had to follow the speaker in the debate, and so, perhaps, they are. For our own part we should not like Lord Stanley less if he were a little more open to them. Speaking, as the vulgar have it, "like a print-book," is a fine thing; but the highest results of ambitious industry will never rival the divine gift of unpremeditated eloquence.

AUSTRIAN ITALY.

AN article in *Bentley's Quarterly Review* gives an excellent account of Austrian Lombardy, contains much new information, and is evidently written from a long and intimate personal acquaintance with the country and its inhabitants. Nothing is more difficult than to get at the facts respecting Lombardy. The Austrians never write; how should they? Officials may not, and other men dare not. Nor is it easy to believe implicitly in the statements of Italians about the rich provinces which they can never speak of without regretting that treaties have given them to foreigners. There is nothing like the evidence of an Englishman for other Englishmen to trust to. It is not only that he is likely to be impartial, but we can generally rely on his having wished to arrive at the kind of truth we think valuable, and on his having adopted the canons of evidence which we think satisfactory. The author of the article we refer to has put before him exactly the questions which every Englishman who takes interest in the subject at all wishes to have answered. He discusses how the Lombards are off, how they are governed, and how they are disposed to the governing Power. Thus, although the article is not exactly political, it supplies good and available materials for considering the real position of Austria in Italy.

The Italian Provinces of Italy are marked by three distinct zones of elevation, climate, and cultivation. The region that lies nearest the Alps is the region of wine and chestnuts, of peasant proprietors, and of a very frugal, painstaking population. The produce, however, is inadequate to support the consumers, and life is only maintained by the migration of a large portion of the inhabitants. During the summer, some go to reap the harvest in the plains, or as shepherds to dwell in the upper pastures. In winter, others find employment in the towns, and a large number go forth annually on a distant and a protracted, though not a permanent emigration. The middle region between the mountains and the plains is the region of silk and wheat. The chief feature in the landscape consists in the round-headed pollarded mulberries that are ordinarily the source of so much wealth, but have in recent years stretched their long lines over the country almost in vain, owing to a disease in the silkworm, that kills the animal before it commences to spin the cocoon. The land is generally productive, but the metayer system of tenancy which prevails tends greatly to limit the amount of production. The third region is that of the irrigated plains of the Po, rich in rice cultivation and dairy farming. Here the land is divided into large farms, held, for the most part, by men of capital and education. Unfortunately, the condition of the labouring class is far inferior to that of the same class in other parts of the territory, owing principally to the damp and malaria to which they are exposed. Taken, however, as a whole, Austrian Italy is a region of great wealth for all classes, and its natural advantages have been aided by the exertions of man during century after century. It is difficult to say how far we should have to go back in history if we were to trace the beginning of the vast network of irrigation which has brought so much wealth to cultivators, but which has exposed the districts to the great and continued danger arising from the rivers being necessarily elevated to a height much above the adjacent plain.

Probably most English readers will be surprised to hear that Austrian Italy has a political constitution that contains at least the germ of liberal government. The municipal institutions of Rome, which took so deep a hold of Italy, still retain a dim shadow of their former selves. But although at every period of Italian history some sort of local jurisdiction and municipal administration has been preserved in portions of Lombardy and Venice, yet the existing system of local self-government is due to the Austrians. It was organized about a century ago, and is based on the existence of communes. Under a Viceroy, residing alternately at Milan and at Venice, the chief civil authority is vested in the Lieutenant-Governors, one of whom is permanently established in each of those cities. Lombardy and Venice are divided, the first into nine, the second into eight, provinces, each presided over by a Delegate. These in turn are subdivided into districts, each with a commissary nearly equivalent to a French *sous-prefet*, and the districts into communes, which vary greatly in extent and importance. The affairs of the commune are regulated by an assembly composed of all male adults, and there representatives of women or minors, being the owners of real property within the commune. In the larger communes, however, where there are over 300 owners having a right to vote, the assembly is superseded by a council. The business of the representative assembly or council is to elect parish officers, and to sanction and control the expenditure of parish funds. All that is done is subject to the veto of the Delegate of the province, but except in cases of positive illegality, the Government authorities very rarely interfere with the local bodies. There are also provincial assemblies meeting at the chief city of each province. These bodies have, however, only five or six members, and their chief duty is to give advice upon administrative questions arising in the province which have been specially referred to them for this purpose. The nearest approach to representative government is to be found in the Central Assemblies, established by the Emperor Francis in 1815, suspended in 1848, and recalled to activity in 1857. They include one representative for each city and two for each province, and meet at Milan and Venice, respectively, for two or three days in each month. The members are chosen by the Government, but there is said to be a sincere

desire to secure competent men. The main function of the Central Assemblies is to advise the Lieutenant-Governors of Milan and Venice, and they determine the amount and the distribution of a large portion of the local expenditure, and in their collective capacity these bodies have the right to communicate directly to the Sovereign the wants and desires of the people. "However incomplete," says the writer of the article in *Bentley's Review*, "may be the measure of political liberty secured to the people of Venetian Lombardy, in regard either to local administration or national representation, it is mere ignorance or wilful misrepresentation to talk in the same breath of the Governments of Naples and Austrian Italy."

The inhabitants of Austrian Italy have at least as near an approach to self-government as falls to the lot of the inhabitants of most great Continental States. And what are the exceptional hardships of which they have to complain? It would be very desirable if criminal justice, which is administered tolerably fairly, were also administered publicly, and if the press were allowed a little more freedom. But in these matters the Italians have no more, or little more, to complain of than the Austrians themselves. What they are really entitled to consider a peculiar grievance is that the proportion of direct taxation imposed on them is much more onerous than that borne by the rest of the Empire. There has been, since 1849, an addition of one-third to the previous amount of direct taxation, and even before that time the Italians were subject to a disproportionately heavy taxation. The writer of the article estimates the present tax as amounting to 25 per cent. upon the ordinary receipts of the land, and as the calculation is based on the annual value of the land, the tax falls especially heavy on the peasant proprietors; for while a landlord who lets his land has only to pay on the rental he receives, the small proprietor who cultivates his own land pays on the amount he earns, without deducting the cost of his subsistence. And this excess of direct taxation leads to a new excess of taxation under another head. There is a heavy tax on the transmission of real property, whether by way of sale, gift, or inheritance; and as the amount of this tax is fixed by reference to the amount paid in direct taxation on the property transferred, the cost of transmission is so much increased, that whereas on the transfer of a piece of land worth 100*l.* a year, there would be paid 48*l.* 10*s.* in any other part of the Austrian empire, there is paid in Lombardo-Venetia 87*l.* 10*s.* With the exception, however, of the incidence of the direct taxation on the peasant proprietors, none of the hardships of which Italians complain fall on the poor. The poor man has, indeed, much to be grateful for to the Austrian Government. He has education, medicine, and cheap justice provided for him; and in the Assembly of the Commune he can make himself heard, and give his vote as freely and powerfully as a rich man. The writer of this article says that a long experience of the country convinces him that there is no disaffection or dislike towards Austria on the part of the working classes. They sometimes complain of the Italian gentry, but they have never a word to say against Austria.

But among all except the poorer classes the feeling of discontent is so perfectly unanimous, and the hostility to Austria so rooted, that the writer, who is not only fair, but friendly to Austria, thinks that Austria must and ought to cease to hold Italy as a conquered country. Neither time nor good offices appear to produce the slightest effect in mitigating this ill-feeling. Milan, which, except for seventy years after the peace of Constance, never enjoyed independence, and which owes to Austria the best and most liberal government that it ever possessed from the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle till the French Revolution, is at this day more hostile to the Government than the Venetians. "The unanswerable argument," says the writer, "against the continuance of Austrian rule is to be found, not in the groundless accusation that the Government is wilfully unjust or oppressive, but in the fact that it is not, or does not feel itself to be, strong enough to adopt those measures by which alone the contentment of its subjects could be secured." A more liberal system of administration, and the gradual substitution of Italian for German officials, might make the Lombards contented, but Austria thinks the experiment too dangerous.

So far we have had to deal with facts. The writer then proceeds to theory, and states what would be, in his opinion, the best solution of the difficulty which Lombardo-Venetia offers to Austria and to Europe. This is, that Austria should still retain her Italian Provinces under the sovereignty of the House of Hapsburg; but that one of the younger branches should be placed on the throne, and that this throne "should be exclusively surrounded by Italians and Italian institutions, and every Austrian soldier must be withdrawn beyond the Alps and the Isonzo." We do not wish to discuss either the merits of this proposal or the difficulties attending it. We have referred to this article because the information it contains is valuable in itself, and clearly and ably put together, and not because we wish to make it a text for considering the future relations of Austria and Italy.

THE LADIES' GALLERY.

THE fair sex do not enjoy at the hands of the rude and tumultuous Commons the ample homage they receive from the polished Peers. A field-day in the Lords would be more aptly termed a field-day with the Ladies. When Lord Derby, to use his own irreverent expression, "gives the Lords a gallop," the

appearance of the House is very much what used to be the appearance of a London ball in the days when the Guards were away in the Crimea—a few old men rising out of the midst of a sea of petticoats. Ladies line the walls, ladies throng the bar, ladies have even been known to peer over the shoulders of the bishops. And to those who study the varieties of Lord Derby's versatile eloquence, it is evident that, Conservative as he is, he is not indifferent to the female suffrage. Lord Lyndhurst, however, is so abashed at the tender interest his eloquence excites, that he was compelled, on a well-known occasion, to resign his part to Lord Hardwicke, in whom the virtue of modesty is less conspicuous.

But no such trial awaits the shiest member of the House of Commons. At the first glance its proceedings seem to be as carefully guarded from the profanation of female eyes as the Eleusinian mysteries. At last, after a careful survey, at the far end of the House, high above the Reporters, the new comer will descry a close Gothic lattice-work, behind which he may detect the dim outline of a few petticoated forms. Hither, as to the gallery of a Mahometan mosque, the House of Commons relegates its Houris. It is a dim, unwholesome den, reeking with the concentrated ventilation of 654 chattering and perspiring senators—an atmosphere which only the *habitués* of a London ball-room could endure without suffocation. It is a very good place for hearing; but until last year the fair inmates were wholly unable to see the particular statesman whom they were inclined to rave about without cunningly squeezing their noses into the orifices of the brass grating—a process highly discomposing to that organ, and apt to compromise the delicacy of its tint.

Some alterations, however, have been made, and this grievance is partially removed. By maintaining a judicious posture, a lady can now see the head of her idol through one hole in the brass, his arms through a second, and his legs through a third. But she must not hope to be able to contemplate all his symmetrical proportions at once, and still less can she expect to attract his notice in return, for she is only one of twenty dim outlines, all equally uninteresting. This arrangement has been so far successful that there is no speaking to the Ladies' Gallery in the House of Commons as there is in the House of Lords. Mr. Monckton Milnes is the only speaker who always prefaces his orations with an upward glance to propitiate the softer judges whose verdict he chiefly cares to win. But there are drawbacks to this salutary result. Debarred from their natural gratification of seeing and being seen, the gentle creatures take it out in talk, and the reporters, whose gallery is just beneath, complain bitterly that it is not very easy, in the hurry of reporting, always to distinguish between the twaddle above and the twaddle below. The combination of the two is apt to produce curious results. When a discussion on crinoline finds its way into the middle of Sir Henry Willoughby's statistics, the effect is simply perplexing. But if an account of the last party at Cambridge House were to creep into a Radical member's defence of non-Radical votes, the interpolation, unless carefully eliminated at Printing-house-square, might leave an awkward impression behind.

But the reporters are not the only sufferers. On Monday night the Ladies' Gallery made its *début* as a constituent part of the political machinery of the House of Commons. The ineffable weariness which seizes the House of Commons when its expectations have been highly strained, and the speakers have not proved equal to their opportunity, was dominant all over the House. Lord John Russell's opening had been flat and vapid, unadorned by a single happy thought, and only remarkable for the numerous snatches of autobiography which he always seems to look upon as equivalent to an argument. After such a damper, nothing short of Bernal Osborne could have redeemed the liveliness of the debate. In Lord Stanley's hands it at least ceased to be vapid; but his style is generally too cold to suit an exciting subject, and on this occasion he was more dry and passionless than usual. His disquisition was able as an essay, but it was too closely reasoned for a speech; and after its disappointment with Lord John, the House was not much inclined to attend to anything. It was sinking into a condition of passive sleepiness. Even Mr. White, whose stentorian "Hear, hear," is a Parliamentary institution—who cheers everything, down to the notices of motion, and is with difficulty restrained by his friends from cheering the chaplain at prayers—even he was meditative and mute. Suddenly all the members look alive—a gleam of merriment shoots across each one of those sleepy visages. Lord Stanley, interrupted at the critical point of one of his abstrusest arguments, makes a face of disgust, and buries his head in his papers, and the House bursts into a loud guffaw. It is the voice of innocence in the Ladies' Gallery. An arrow from Lord John Russell's quiver, reserving its solitary infantine weapon for the proper moment with admirable judgment, is raising a lusty squall in defence of the paternal arguments. So, at least, it was rumoured at the time. But since that it has been averred that such a report is a calumny on the constitutional principles invariably inculcated in Lord John Russell's nursery. The truth is, it is said, that there is rather strange company just now in the Ladies' Gallery. Like larger institutions, it has had its little agitation, and has been subject to a sweeping Reform Bill; and the results have been very much what the results of a similar Reform Bill would be in the House of Commons. The

seats in the Ladies' Gallery used to be as completely nomination seats in the hands of the great Whig families as the seats for Tavistock or Calne. An agitation against this oligarchical abuse has been thoroughly successful. The Sergeant-at-Arms has given way, the great Whig families have ceased to nominate, and the ladies who sit are now proposed indiscriminately by their friends, and freely selected by ballot. The consequence, in an assembly which numbers metropolitan and Irish members in its ranks, it is more easy to imagine than polite to describe.

The first outward sign of the change that has come over the spirit of the Parliamentary gynæceum was a white handkerchief, which made its appearance the other day, through the trellised grating, waved by a fair hand to some responsive senator below. Since the late event in America, a white handkerchief waved to a senator carries with it peculiar associations. But we have always understood that the authorities of the House are exceedingly anxious to make its precincts agreeable to members who cannot stand the debates, and yet wish to remain within sound of the division bell. There is a newspaper-room, a tea-room, and a library; chess is not forbidden, and French memoirs are supplied in abundance. But in these days of lukewarmness, even this provision may not be sufficient to keep a House. We have no doubt that the authorities are quite right in the conclusion they have come to, that facilities for flirting would add very much to the attractions of the House of Commons, and would save a world of trouble to the whips.

THE COTTON LORDS, OR LEICESTER AND MANCHESTER MEASURE.

A CASE has just been heard before Vice-Chancellor Page Wood, which that judge, by no means addicted to emphatic language, stigmatized as "really one of the most painful cases which could come before the Court." The plaintiff was a Leicester cotton-winder and manufacturer, named Taylor—the defendant a Manchester agent of the name of Degetau. The plaintiff moved for an injunction against the defendant for forging his trade mark. The defence set up, and successfully, was that the trade mark and property alleged to be infringed was itself a fraud and forgery, and therefore not a thing cognizable by the law, nor one to protect which equity could interfere. For in law it seems to be a very proper rule that its protection cannot be invoked on behalf of what is itself a forgery. In other words, there is no property in a forgery—the law will not protect a monopoly of fraud. It was proved that Messrs. Taylor had acquired a great name for an article known as "Taylor's Persian Thread," the reels or spools of which contained, not only a specification of the number of twines or strands of which this choice and precious Oriental cord was composed, but of the actual number of yards which each reel or spool contained—100, 200, or 300. Nothing could seem to be more fair and honest; but it came out that on reels marked 300 yards at the express desire of Degetau, Taylor was in the habit of winding only 280, and sometimes only 250 yards—on those marked 100 yards, 75—and so on. Mr. Taylor actually boasted that it was only in some exceptional cases that he had perpetrated this fraud, and that he had for some years relinquished the practice; and it also appeared that his name had become precious and his reputation wide-spread, because he "had not gone into the practice of selling short lengths as long lengths."

Upon this remarkable plea the Vice-Chancellor seemed to think that the fair fame acquired by the proprietors of the Persian thread was rather an aggravation of the offence, and that, though compunction and tardy penitence in 1857 was a praiseworthy proof of a better mind, yet the transactions with Degetau for the three years previous in certain hundreds of dozens of "six-cord thread, 250 yards (300)"—as it was put in technical yet most intelligible language—was quite enough to debar Messrs. Taylor from the relief which they prayed from a Court of Equity. Moreover, it was ruled that once of this sort of thing would have been once too much. Hereupon Messrs. Taylor and the six-cord Persian thread quit Lincoln's Inn considerably damaged, and we dare say that a good many matrons will look with something more than suspicion at their cotton reels. The Vice-Chancellor is loth to believe that this practice is common among the great cotton lords, and he hints at the convenient facility with which an indictment of conspiracy might be resorted to. But it must be borne in mind, unfortunately for the credit of the British manufacturer, that Messrs. Taylor are said to be rather model men than otherwise. They have a name for strict and scrupulous honesty, the inference being that they stand on a proud pedestal above their fellow-winders. If this is the green tree, we ask what sort of a faggot is the dry? If these are the honourable of the earth, who blazon their honest phylacteries on their spools, calling all the world's attention to their just measures, what are the crowd of publicans and sinners? Taylor and Co., being the Pharisees of Leicester, what are they who do not proclaim that they are not as other men?

A reel of cotton is a very small thing, and costs a penny, but it may be made the instrument of a gigantic imposition. The fraud we have described is something more than sixteen per cent. How far the same sort of thing infects other branches of Manchester industry is a very ugly, and, as the Vice-Chancellor observes, painful suspicion. The quantities sold, and therefore the dishonest profits made, are very large—50 gross, 250 gross,

600 dozen, and so on. Perhaps it will be said that this, after all, is a case of *caveat emptor*. A reel of cotton looks corpulent, and a measure of vast capacity; but in use, we all know it is nine-tenths wood and one-tenth cotton. You can't expect to get all this beautiful six-cord Persian twine for a penny—the whole thing is conventional, and bought as well as sold for a sham and delusion. Something like this doctrine was established some years ago, in a case of selling plated gold for gold. Everybody knows that a gold chain can't be made for thirty shillings, and though you are told that it is gold, both vendor and purchaser must know that this is all nonsense. Mr. Taylor does not seem to have set up this plea, for he really did generally give good measure. It was only on Degetau's special request, and for the particular business of certain particular clients of Mr. Degetau, that Messrs. Taylor called 250 300. It was only once that the young lady was frail, and then the result was a very little one.

The real question is that suggested by the Vice-Chancellor, whether this can be said of English traders generally—whether this is the characteristic of trade? Well, of course this must be a matter of experience and trial—an experience and trial which very few of us will be at the trouble of making. There is not, probably, a nation upon earth where more of implicit confidence in these matters goes on than among ourselves. Coals, meat, bread, butter, cheese, beer—is there a housekeeper among our readers who systematically, or who ever, weighs and measures these things? And yet Taylor & Degetau compels some very tiresome suspicions. There are ugly rumours that Manchester goods do not always answer to the sample—that the outside yards of bales are not always scrupulously consistent with the inside of the package, and that in the foreign markets our name is rather that of Messrs. Taylor not at their best estate. And then the off-hand, free-and-easy, matter-of-course style of the order:—"Send me 250 yards for 300 round the spool, and take care to make the wood thick enough to make it appear of the usual size." This certainly seems to imply that the practice of selling wood for cotton was not a bright invention of Mr. Degetau. Has any inquiring mind among our readers pondered on the peculiar character of his wine bottles, and the lengthening and ever-lengthening size of that conical intrusion at the bottom, and worked out this very simple problem in measure of capacity? Or has he ever bethought him how preternaturally thick is the crockery, and how elevated is the bottom of his jam pots and potted meat vessels—how thicker and thicker grows the glass, and how stouter and more substantial the earthenware of every conceivable article contained in these delusive potter's vessels? Scripture says something about the sin of a father giving serpents for fish, and stones for bread; but we dare say that many tradesmen sleep through these wholesome lessons, utterly disregarding their moral force and the Vice-Chancellor's denunciation of selling wood for cotton.

We know how intolerable life would become if we are to live in this vile atmosphere of suspicion. A suspicion which becomes the more intolerable when its subject-matter is a thing so contemptibly mean and small as a cotton reel or a pint pot. Very likely the suspicion is for the most part unfounded, but this nasty case goes a great deal further than we like to think. We dismiss from our minds with contempt Pope's definition of

A tradesman meek, and much a liar.

We are glad to assume the tradesman's honesty; but still we have a vague uncomfortable feeling on the subject of the commercial mind. We know, from painful revelations, that the standard of commercial honour in the very highest ranks of trade is perilously low. But a vice in the hierarchy of commerce must spread through the whole body corporate of trade. Glasgow Banks and Royal British Banks, and Sir John Dean Paul and Colonel Waugh, are only typical men. What is—and we know that it is—in the counting-house must be in the shop. It has been proved over and over again that adulteration in manufactured articles and in goods of universal consumption is rather the rule than the exception; and now it seems that first-rate manufacturers have only of late been awakened to the dishonesty or impolicy of giving false measure. Of course it is perfectly intolerable to think of spending human life in verifying your butcher's and baker's weights, and in testing your brewer's and milkman's measures. It is better, we say in sheer despair, to be cheated than to waste existence in this way. We are glad enough to get rid of the suspicion by denying the possibility. It would be reckoned an unpardonable insult to Leicester or Manchester to hint that we are, if trade is to be saupled by this case, apparently relapsing into barbarism. But barbarism has its correctives for practices ominously akin to those of Messrs. Taylor and Degetau. A Persian baker is nailed by his ears to his own door-posts for a system of trade which we own ourselves unable to distinguish in morality from that of the proprietors of the famous Taylor's Persian thread. Persian thread might perhaps be most appropriately treated with Persian law.

THEATRICAL RESPECTABILITY.

SOME nights ago a new and original comedy, written by Mr. Palgrave Simpson, and entitled the *World and the Stage*, was brought out at the Haymarket Theatre. The piece has not since been repeated; but it has made a considerable impression

on the play-going public, partly on account of its well-merited success, partly on account of a social question which it has brought into the foreground. The object of the author has been to represent the antagonism of the world and the stage, and to show how very unjust the former has been in its strictures on the latter. An actress endowed with every virtue is placed on one side—on the other are certain haughty types of the world, whose respectability is of the most superficial kind. Slighted by her sister's husband, and consequently shunned by her sister, the artist nevertheless resolves to do good in spite of evil report, or rather calls in evil report to her assistance. The sister nearly loses her character through a disreputable intrigue, but the actress saves it by offering herself as a ready target for scandal; and she likewise rescues the proud husband from ruin by means of the resources her talents have acquired.

A writer of fiction who can represent classes by individuals fashioned according to his own pleasure, has the power of dealing at will with any social question that may offer. Put an infinitely good negro in one scale, and an infinitely bad planter in the other, and the cause of Abolition may be triumphantly carried within the limits of an octavo sheet. So the actress, whose woes are so cleverly developed by Mr. Simpson and so forcibly depicted by Miss Amy Sedgwick, gains a decided victory for her profession, inasmuch as nothing but folly, weakness, and wickedness is to be found on the adverse side. No ghost need rise from the grave to tell us that a really virtuous actress is more estimable than a "seeming virtuous" lady in high society. This proposition would be conceded by the most virulent writer of anti-theatrical tracts, but it still leaves the question open whether the stage is the natural soil for the growth of unblemished goodness, and the "world" especially favourable to the culture of hypocrisy.

The theatre may doubtless produce a moral effect by giving a beneficial turn to the sympathies, but it can never be a school of morals, if that expression is to imply a power of solving ethical problems. Certain collisions are given to the dramatist as the notes of the gamut to the musician, or the elementary pigments to the painter, and these he may work to his purpose; but to decide which of the parties to the collision is in the right lies beyond his province. Natural feeling will always speak on the side of Antigone—political expediency will espouse the cause of Creon. The tragedian has done enough if he shows a consequence resulting from the antagonism between them. Does the collision represented on the stage correspond to any reality in actual life? This question the critic has a right to ask before he awards to the dramatist the praise of having faithfully reproduced a phase in human nature. He may bestow the victory on which party he likes, but he should be sure of the fight itself. Now, here we think is Mr. Simpson's weak point. To give force to his play, he has imagined a social ban which reduces an actress of the highest talent and of the most unimpeachable reputation to the condition of a pariah or a cagot. But in point of fact, does such a ban exist, marking off the human race into the two categories of the *World and the Stage*? We think not.

Of course we must set aside that section of the world which entertains a religious horror of the stage as an institution, however reputably conducted. An actress is no more excluded from society because her profession is offensive to the rigid Puritan than an officer in the army because war is hateful to a Quaker. Religious principle and social prejudice should never be confounded with each other when we would account for the phenomena of conventional life. The aristocratic prejudice of society is directed, not so much against actresses, as against all females who belong to a profession or trade. Save by a few occasional flights in the way of authorship, it is understood to be the duty of a lady of high degree not to get her own living. The proud Sir Norman, of Mr. Simpson's play, who looks with such lordly disdain on angelic Kate Robertson, would have been even more exclusive towards a milliner, a dress-maker, a teacher of music, or a governess of polyglot qualifications. Nay, any one possessing the slightest knowledge of London society must be well aware that in the social scale an eminent actress of unblemished character, and with means at command, may hold a position to which these can never aspire. All the circles that take a more than common interest in current literature, in art, in public amusement, will be open for her reception, and surely this is sufficient to satisfy any reasonable ambition. Everybody is virtually excluded from some place or other, and we doubt not there are householders on Clapham Common who would not be too anxious to lavish their hospitality on the editors of comic magazines.

As for the prejudice that actresses are ordinarily persons of loose character, it cannot be said socially to affect those to whom it manifestly will not apply. None but leading actresses can ever hope to win an independent position in the higher circles; and by men of the world, who take part in the world's gossip, the general conduct of these is too well known to allow them to fall victims to a sweeping and indiscriminate condemnation. As for the great body of actresses, they will be excluded, as a matter of course, by the same law that excludes other females of the most varied vocations, without the slightest reference to a moral or religious standard. If they were not actresses they would belong to the large class of female operatives whom, for want of a better name, we may call *grisettes*; and most of them, there is every reason to believe, would be just as good or just as bad in one

capacity as in the other. The fact is, actresses, however humble, are to a certain extent conspicuous, and are therefore exposed to a censorship which a host of other persons, not a whit more immaculate, escape altogether.

The world will perhaps be surprised to hear that at the present moment the regular actresses of the London stage are on the side of rigid virtue, in opposition to intrusive vice, which threatens seriously to interfere with their legitimate vocation. While a taste for amateur theatricals has spread among fashionable young gentlemen engaged in Government offices, a predilection for real stage-playing is said to be rife among the favourite sultanas of divers *millionnaires*. Some of these, it is reported, without any histrionic antecedents, have a strong tendency to rush upon the boards of public theatres, prepared by half-a-dozen lessons in elocution; and rather than be balked in their inclinations will give a *douceur* to obliging managers. This abuse is, we believe, quite new in the history of the stage; for the loose heroines whose names adorn the histrionic annals of former times were at all events trained artists, and their eccentricities had no more immediate connexion with their professional labours than the peccadilloes of an author or a barrister with his book or his brief. They did their best in their avowed calling, and the public, receiving an equivalent for value paid, had no right to peep behind the curtain. But when ladies without artistic training or experience are thrust upon the stage, to the detriment of legitimate performers, merely because some fanatical worshipper of beauty has a long purse, art itself suffers, and the public will, sooner or later, begin to talk, regardless of etiquette.

REVIEWS.

THE BERTRAMS.*

CONSIDERING the pace at which he produces his novels, Mr. Trollope is a very remarkable writer. Even if he wrote slowly, they would be exceedingly good, but that they come so fast certainly heightens our admiration. Whatever may be their faults, they fulfil the first great object of all novels—they give pleasure and amusement to the reader. It is the indispensable requisite—the one infallible test of success—that a tale should be entertaining. If a tale entertains, there is always some merit in it, although the entertainment may be of a low sort. It takes something beyond ordinary ability to make a good romance of horrors, or even a tale of facetious sentimentalism. But Mr. Trollope entertains us in a way that neither he nor we need be ashamed of. No one would say that there is anything very elevating, or deep, or pregnant with genius in his writings, but he always writes like a gentleman, and like an educated, observant, and kindly man. He is conspicuously clever, and all the strength and all the weakness that we attach to cleverness make the merits and the faults of his novels. He has the capacity, and has collected the materials, necessary for the delineation of detached sketches; but hitherto his sketches have been too much detached, and his tales have been in too great a degree mere bundles of fragments bound together by the slenderest possible fragment of a plot. In this respect the *Bertrams* is a great improvement on its predecessors. We confess that we like this new tale better than any that Mr. Trollope has written. The sketches are more subordinated to the evolution of a plot which is at once possible, interesting, and difficult to anticipate. Certainly the author has recourse to the violent expedient of making a superfluous husband shoot himself in order that the widow may marry the right man, and this is a liberty which the anticipating reader would not presume to take. But otherwise the novel is all fair play, and our interest is not only excited and sustained, but legitimately satisfied.

It is curious that a successful plot should, like that of the *Bertrams*, be an argumentative one. The drift of the tale is to support one side in a controversy which a few months ago had a little life given it in the newspapers. The *Bertrams* is intended to advocate the expediency of "love in a cottage." Some of Mr. Trollope's critics remarked that his last novel, *Dr. Thorne*, preached the expediency of uncalculating love more decidedly than they thought proper. This is his reply. He has written a novel to show what are the practical consequences of sacrificing passion to calculation. And this is done most ingeniously. In the *Bertrams* there are two pairs of lovers; both delay their marriage, and both reap the evil fruits of the delay. In the one case it is the lady who is prudent—in the other, the gentleman. We are asked to examine not only the external misery entailed by this prudence, but the trial of character to which it subjects not only the prudent but the imprudent lovers. The gentleman who is anxious to marry the prudent lady, when he finds he cannot shake her determination not to marry him until he is called to the bar, goes off into extravagance, idleness, and heterodoxy. The imprudent lady who is quite willing to marry the gentleman who is too prudent to ask her to marry on a curacy, has years of silent wearing pain to encounter. This furnishes the scheme of the novel, and as a scheme of a plot, the conception works admirably. But

* *The Bertrams*. By Anthony Trollope. London: Chapman and Hall, 1859.

if we are to return again to this standing theme of discussion, we must remark that the truths to which Mr. Trollope appeals form only one set of the truths that bear on the subject. The field of the relation of the affections to the realities of practical life is a wide one, and one fertile in difficulties of very different kinds. Undoubtedly if young people love each other, and are prevented from marrying, they may suffer for a time very seriously; and the lady, if she has a tender heart and bad luck, may suffer almost as long as she lives. But if they enter on a long engagement, that state of probation has, by common consent, its peculiar horrors. And then, if they marry, it is nonsense to say that love will be sure to carry them through. In a great many cases, the energy which springs from poverty is a great gain to young people; and we have no doubt whatever that people who pass from poverty to affluence enjoy life a great deal more than those who start with riches. But a great many lovers may be in circumstances, such as that of a clergyman with a small living, where no energy can ensure advancement; and poverty, when it has once taken the shape in which it drives hope and the spring of life away, is a most dreadful evil, degrading, dulling, and corrupting. Therefore, if we have a novel showing how a girl suffers when a prudent young clergyman will not propose to her, we might have another showing how she wore her life away in a protracted engagement, and a third showing how, having married, she became a prematurely old, careworn, grasping, humiliated creature. Each of the three would be equally true to real life, and as far as argument goes, they might answer each other. If it is said that though prudence is good, over-prudence is bad, and that healthy young people with fair chances ought to be willing to run some risk—which is exactly what Mr. Trollope says, chapter after chapter, in the *Bertrams*—we may confidently point to the actual world of English society, and ask any impartial spectator to decide whether it deserves a rebuke on this score. Is it not a matter of fact that, taking lovers as a whole, they are willing to marry even beyond the limits of prudence? Young ladies especially, to whom Mr. Trollope addresses a particular lecture on this topic, are surely tolerably innocent of any foolish eagerness to show off their prudence at the expense of remaining single.

The *Bertrams* is less sketchy than its predecessors, but still is open to much criticism on this head. It must be owned that it is difficult to avoid introducing into a tale fragments that fill up the space but are only remotely connected with the main thread of the narrative. For most writers can only write about what they have observed, or known, or heard of, and if their store is moderate in quantity, how are the very different ingredients of which it consists to be worked together? We must not therefore be too nice in fault-finding when we come upon episodic sketches; but Mr. Trollope is excessive in the temerity with which he shoots these odd fragments into the body of his tale. He has evidently been on an Eastern tour at a period more or less remote, and when he has got nothing else to write about, he carries us off for a few pages to the East. He actually takes two of his characters to Cairo and back, in order that the prudent clergyman may be advised to let the imprudent lady's time of trial come to an end, and propose to her when he gets back. This advice might have been given equally well on any English turnpike-road; but the interlocutors in the dialogue are whisked off to Cairo simply that Mr. Trollope may have the opportunity of writing a short Egyptian tour, denouncing Arabs and donkey-boys, and finishing off two neat portraits of a couple of widows, who are supposed to return on board the Peninsular steamer with the clergyman and his friend. The sketch of ship-board flirting for which this episode gives room is very clever and amusing, but it is a questionable resource for a novelist in difficulties to break away altogether from his main plot, and tell us fully and circumstantially how a newly-made widow on board the Southampton steamer managed to hook a certain Major Biffin.

Mr. Trollope is also guilty of introducing an unwarrantable confusion of fiction and fact. We do not contend for any pedantic accuracy. A novelist must be allowed to sketch things of which he knows the general bearings very roughly, although he breaks down in details. The plot of the *Bertrams* follows two or three Oxonians from the University to their entrance on their professions. It is no fault in Mr. Trollope that he makes trifling mistakes in minor points. He may pardonably speak of an Oxford class-list in which the fate of a candidate in classics and in mathematics is made known at the same time—he is at liberty to write *Aurifames sacrissima*—he is not to be taken to task whenever he makes a clergyman with a living of 500*l.* a-year retain his fellowship—nor because he makes a chancery student go, on first starting, to the “most special of all special pleaders,” and a great common-law advocate practise almost exclusively before the Lords Justices. Whether a novelist is privileged to make a hero Solicitor-General after he has been called about three years, we do not feel sure. But he certainly cannot be right in bringing in historical names and dates in such a way as to make the fictitious part of his narrative impossible. This young Solicitor-General is represented as coming into Parliament towards the close of Sir Robert Peel's tenure of office. We have the date specified, and we are told the effect he produced on Sir Robert Peel. We are then given to understand that on the formation of Lord John Russell's Government this hero-barrister was made Solicitor-General, but that at the expiration of about a year, there was a great split in the Government—that a portion

of the Cabinet was forced to resign—that the Solicitor-General tried to hold on in opposition to the wishes of Lord John Russell, but was ultimately forced to resign, and soon after shot himself. This is a most alarming draft on the imagination of the reader. We know, as a matter of fact, that nothing of the sort happened. Up to a point things are real. Sir Robert Peel did go out at the time mentioned and Lord John succeeded him. But there was no split the next year in the Cabinet, no marvel of a Solicitor-General just called to the bar, no suicide. There was a Solicitor-General, but of a very different cast of mind, standing at the bar, and ultimate fate. This invasion of historical reality destroys all the illusion of fiction. A novelist is not justified in telling us that something happened which we know did not happen. What should we think if a romance was brought down to March, 1859, and ended in the heroine marrying the Chancellor of the Exchequer?

Mr. Trollope has also another practice to which we object. He introduces parenthetically half serious discussions of difficult subjects. He does not allow us exactly to see what his own opinions are, although we may guess that he would not raise these questions at all unless he had been led to take a special interest in them by holding himself an opinion different from that popularly received. The subject is started, but that is all. Arguments are put into the mouth of a speaker in a way that makes us think that the author is secretly laughing at the reasoning, and then we are left to decide whether the statement of the argument on the one hand, or the semi-ridicule thrown over that statement, conveys most nearly the real opinion of Mr. Trollope. We should be inclined to surmise that Mr. Trollope really agrees with the speaker, but that he does not like to back his opinion, and that he feels the absurdity of seriously arguing such subjects in a tale. He may well do so. Two of the chief of these subjects are the morality of the profession of paid advocacy, and the tenability of the doctrine of the resurrection of the body. These are not subjects to be adequately discussed in two or three pages of a romance, and if they are not to be discussed, they ought not to be started. Nothing prevents serious discussion so much as occasional, slight, jeering discussion. Mr. Trollope is of course aware that there is an answer to the arguments on these points used by his hero, and that this answer satisfies many minds that are able, honest, and instructed. He is therefore bound, if he enters on such topics at all, to argue the matter out, or, at least, if he wishes to contribute merely his own expression of opinion for what it is worth, to let us know that opinion precisely and explicitly.

PRE-REFORMATION LITERATURE.*

THE long-expected edition of the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* has at last appeared in Germany. It is a little pocket volume, printed with clear type upon good paper. The editor seems to have done his work carefully, but he gives nothing more than a critical text, without preface or notes. This was, perhaps, the best course possible. Any man, with reminiscences of school Latin, and a scantling of modern history, may understand the *Epistolæ*, and enjoy their rough humour without any aid from a commentator. Sir W. Hamilton's Essay, and Dr. Strauss's more minute analysis in the *Life of Ulrich von Hutten*, will furnish all possible information as to the epoch in which the book was written, the men who took part in it, and the general drift of the satire.

The main facts of its original publication are easily told. A renegade Jew, Pfefferkorn, suggested to his patrons, the Dominican monks, that all Hebrew books, except the Bible, were more or less blasphemous in character, and ought to be collected and burned. The apostate's object probably was to procure himself a place on a commission which was certain to gratify either his vengeance or his avarice; for the Jews would offer large bribes sooner than part with the Talmud and the Cabbala. But the monks had a higher quarry in view. The instinct of a wise fear taught them that all learning was dangerous to the true Church; and in attacking the Rabbis they were aiming a deadly blow at Erasmus and Reuchlin. Reuchlin accordingly bestirred himself to avert the threatened peril. In a masterly report to the Emperor Maximilian he pointed out the discredit of a proceeding which would imply that Christianity was unable to face its foes on the field of argument. The theologians retorted by extracting forty-three propositions “de Judæi favore nimis suspectæ,” and by summoning Reuchlin before the Court of the Inquisition at Mentz. As Hoogstraten, a personal enemy and a noted bigot, was to be judge, Reuchlin declined his jurisdiction, and lodged an appeal at Rome. In Rome a number of influences prevailed. Leo X. and his Cardinals were scholars and men of the world, but they were also Churchmen. They sympathized with the Humanists, but they did not care to provoke the monks, who were the standing pillar of the Church, and who threatened open revolt if sentence should be given against them. Besides, money was a sure ally in the Curia, and the monks bribed unsparingly. But the cause was not merely one between a single scholar and the priests. The national feeling in Germany had become exalted to fanaticism, since the late invention of printing. Men were galled by the contempt of Italian literati for German scholarship, and by the exaggerated claims of the Papacy, while the

* *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*. London: D. Nutt.

Empire was only the diplomatic representative of Charlemagne's actual dominion. Many had crossed the Alps and returned to their own country, complaining that the Germans at Rome were considered fit for nothing except to be grooms and squires to Italian prelates. All this sullen dissatisfaction broke out into open rage when the great champion of German letters was attacked by the priestly or Italian interest. For a time every gentleman in the Empire was on the side of the Humanists, whose cause was identified with that of the nation and Imperialism. Soon the anger became eloquent, and in 1516 the first volume of the *Epistola Obscurorum Virorum* appeared. The irony was so covert that the clergy at first thought the book the production of a friend; so trenchant and fierce, that its victims—hunted down without mercy or law—were glad at last to withdraw from the unequal contest. The prosecution of Reuchlin was allowed to drop. Never have any satires had a more complete success in so great a cause; and the only parallel that can be found is in the *Lettres Provinciales*, which were less immediately popular, but more enduring in their effects.

The choice of the title was unfortunate, and has often puzzled commentators. The jest is too undisguised. But for it, said Erasmus, the Letters would have been read everywhere and for years as a party work of the monks. The authors in their second book tried to remove this objection, and introduced a discussion of doctors on the question. One thinks that "obscure" may be a proper name, as he has read that Diocletian's parents were called "obscure." Another suggests that it has been chosen because all truth is hidden in obscurity. But a third gives what was probably the true reason—that the title was a mock-modest imitation of the *Epistola Clarorum Virorum*, which Reuchlin had published some years before. It is more difficult at this distance of time to know why Ortuin Gratus was chosen to bear the whole brunt of the battle, as the letters profess to be merely his correspondence. But he seems to have been one of those men, of whom every age has a few examples, conspicuous for infamy, whose talents and learning assign them a definite place on the side of progress, and who desert to the enemy from the servile lust of success. For, in general, the leaders on the Dominican side were steady respectable men, who only followed the natural instincts of narrow intellects—students who had become the mechanics of abstract thought, till they idealized their own deficiencies, and recoiled from all living ideas as from mortal foes. We must understand these men's position before we blame them too harshly. They had enjoyed a pleasant monopoly of education hitherto. Their agents were always present on the great highways of Germany, the rivers, to tout for freshmen, and to carry them off to the Doctors' or Masters' halls:—

And I remember (says one correspondent of Gratus) that in old times, when a Master went to the bath, he had more students behind him, than now on feast days when they go to Church. The students too in those days were as well-mannered as angels. But now they run up and down, and do not care for the Masters; and wish all of them to lodge in the town, and to eat their meals out of the college walls, and the Masters have very few boarders. Moreover, when degrees were last conferred, only ten bachelors were promoted. And when we had an examination, they, the Masters, wished to pluck some of the candidates. But I said, "On no account: for, if you pluck one, no one will present himself in future, or study for a degree, but they will go off to the poets."

There is something in these pitiable complaints which is so familiar to our ears that if the mention of science or German philosophy were substituted as the forbidden fruit for poetry, we should involuntarily think of Oxford in the nineteenth century, instead of Cologne and Heidelberg in the sixteenth. It is just to add that the old college tutors struggled as resolutely as their successors have done against the dangerous innovations:—

For when a student confessed in his confession that he attended private lectures on Virgil from a Bachelor, then the priest inflicted a heavy penance upon him; to wit, that he should fast every sixth holiday, or repeat daily the seven penitential Psalms. And an ancient Master of Leipzig swore to me on his conscience, that he had seen a man refused his Master's degree because one of the examiners had once seen him reading Terence upon a holiday.

These laudable efforts were not blessed with success. The old days when Vienna or Cologne could boast their four thousand matriculated students apiece had passed away with the apparition of the Humanists, and the students migrated in shoals from the colleges or pensions to exchange the Parva Logicalia or Petrus Hispanus for Plato and Cicero.

The letters, however, are not confined to lamentations over the past. Ortuin's correspondents are constantly in collision with his enemies, and keep him informed of the scandals current about him. While one of them is discussing with a friend whether the name Gratus is derived from Gracchus or from "Gratia supernaturalis," an insolent student interposes and assures them that it is the family name of the doctor's maternal uncle Gratz, who is hangman in Halberstadt. The rejoinder to this elicits the discovery that Ortuin took his mother's name because he was the bastard son of a priest. Much less is Pfefferkorn spared. The infancies of his early years, when he had been branded in the pillory, and his tardy conversion that he might not be hanged for theft, are repeatedly brought forward by his enemies, and the patronage he has enjoyed from the monks is set down to the account of his pretty wife. All this the letters naively repeat. Another charge is, that the books published under Pfefferkorn's name have been composed by Gratus:—

For it is not possible that Pfefferkorn ever wrote them, inasmuch as he never learned a word of Latin. I answer that this objection is worthless, although it has misled great men, even to this day; for John Pfefferkorn,

who carries pen and ink with him, can take notes of what he hears, either in public sermons or in meetings, or when students and Dominicans visit his house, or when he himself goes to the bath. Holy God, how many sermons has he not heard within twelve years? how many exhortations? how many quotations from the Holy Fathers? which he could either remember himself, or tell to his wife, or write on the wall, or jot down on his tablets.

Equally amusing is Reuchlin's retort of impiety on his opponents. They had charged him with Judaism—he picked out the purple patches of Ortuin's Latinity, and showed that they were heretical or Pagan. The Pope's Holiness had been called "ministra"—it was a blasphemous innuendo that the old story of Pope Joan was true. The use of the expression *medius fidius* showed that the writer believed not in Christ, but in the Roman god Fidius. He had said that Reuchlin's treachery was worse than that of Judas—clearly, therefore, he thought himself better than Christ. Surely the editors of the *Record* might take a hint from the ingenuity with which these old disputants built up a charge of heresy. All Reuchlin's objections are examined and refuted with ludicrous gravity by Master Bernhard Gelff, in a letter to Ortuin.

It is a matter of interest to inquire how far the grave questions of reform, which Luther finally made immortal, were agitated in the world of letters before Luther's trumpet had sounded. A glance at the *Epistola* will show that there was already thunder in the air. Page after page is filled with scandalous stories of the priests' incontinency, while mock arguments from Scripture defend it. The scholastic casuistry which distinguished between mortal and venial sins is happily ridiculed in an argument which determines the amount of criminality of a man who has saluted the statue of a Jew near the cross, mistaking it for St. Peter. A curious, and very probably an unexaggerated, account describes the efficacy of love incantations, and the manner of performing them with a waxen image. The formula may be acceptable at a time when so many advertisements profess to sell the secret of securing the affections. "I adjure thee, O wax, through the virtue of the Omnipotent God, through the nine choirs of angels, through the virtue of Cosdriel, Boldriach, Tornab, Lissiel, Farnach, Pitrax, and Starnial, that thou bring before me Barbara, daughter of Ailsie, in all her substance and corporality, so that she may obey all my desires." One long story, which Ortuin himself relates, describes the effects of a medicated fruit given by a student to his mistress, "so that when she was in Church she always looked at that bachelor; and when it was her place to pray 'Our Father, which art in heaven,' she said in her prayer, 'O bachelor, where art thou?'" Of course allusions to astrology occur. But the most markedly Protestant passage is one in which the sentiments of a certain Doctor Reyss on indulgences are reported:—

"Nothing is to be compared with the Gospel, and he who acts well lives well. And if a man receive these indulgences a hundred times, and do not lead a holy life, he will perish; and they will profit him nothing. But on the other hand, if a man lead a holy life, or repent of his sins and amend his life, behold, I declare to him, that he shall dwell in the kingdom of heaven, and need no other assistance." So I saw that this Doctor Reyss is an enemy of the religious orders; and it seems to me, too, that he favours the opinions of John Reuchlin, though I am not sure; therefore you see what is to be said.

The style of the *Epistola* is very different from the tinted mosaic of Erasmus's *Colloquia*. This is not because the authors of the former, Ulrich von Hutten, Crotus, and Busechius, were indifferent Latinists, but because they purposely adopted the barbarous phraseology of the monks whom they ridiculed. *Volo ire*, "I will go"—*Non sum mecum*, "I am beside myself"—*Quid vidi ab eo*, "What I have seen of him"—*Unum hominem*, "A man"—*Brilli*, "spectacles"—and *Samelotus*, "velvet," are a few among the many gems of Germano-Latinity. Indeed, in 1589, a third volume of letters was published, the whole object of which was to expose solecisms in style; of course it fared like the spurious continuation of *Don Quixote*. Sometimes Ortuin's correspondents break out into indignant verse, and then German phrases are interlarded in their Leonine metres. Men of punctilious scholarship must therefore examine this little book forewarned. But all who value sterling wit in spite of an antiquarian form, and who care to know something of the great literary struggle in which the Renaissance culminated, and which paved the way for the Reformation, will find that the *Epistola Obscurorum Virorum* combine the interest of a romance with the instruction of a history.

THE ARMIES OF THE GREAT POWERS.*

MANY a London-bred child probably sets down among his earliest articles of belief that the Thames is one of the greatest rivers in the world. It is big enough to hold more vessels than he can count; and there is no reason apparent on the face of things why any other river should be bigger. He has no standard but itself to measure it by. But when the ingenuous conception of a childish faith comes to be modified by the study of an atlas, it cannot be without a painful surprise that he learns, from a contemplation of the comparative chart, how small the great river of England is. Maturer reflection is needed to renew his national self-esteem, by showing him that size is not necessarily commensurate with importance. He is led gradually

* *The Armies of the Great Powers*. By Lascelles Wrexall. London: Allen and Co.

to satisfy himself with the fact that the Thames has undeniably a considerable amount of work to do in the world, and does it somehow or other. It is not as large as the Amazon, and there is no use in trying to make it so. Whether it may not be made to perform its various duties more thoroughly and easily, and with fewer attendant nuisances than at present, is a question of practical detail which probably does not suggest itself till a far later period to the mind of the youthful philosopher whose progress in observation we have attempted to follow.

A not dissimilar series of stages of belief has to be gone through by the ordinary Englishman in regard to the British army. Most of us begin by entertaining a profound conviction that upon each pair of English military legs do march three foreigners of any nation whatever. When we cheered out of London the Coldstream Guards before they sailed for the seat of war in Turkey, we all knew by anticipation how they would behave at Inkermann. But however right we were in our confidence in the individual or aggregate heroism of our soldiery, the war gave us too distinct a reminder of a few truisms, which we had practically forgotten, to allow of a continued abstract faith in the absolute invincibility of the British army. By the time when the 117 rank and file of the Coldstream battalion who had seen the whole of the war marched into London again among their more youthful comrades, faults enough had been found in the proof of our harness to show us that strength, whether for offence or defence, is relative, and that war is an art in which it is at once expensive and dangerous to stand still. We may well continue to hope and believe that our rank and influence among the nations may be effectually maintained without such an increase in the standing bulk of our army as would bring it to the numerical level of those of the greatest Continental Powers. But after the experience we have gained of our own shortcomings in military organization, and with the national habit we have acquired of depreciating ourselves most loudly in public at the exact moment when it is most inconvenient that we should do so, we shall be sure of our own self-respect, and inspire respect in others, only by knowing thoroughly where we are. Until we know, not merely how far the actual ratio borne by our army to others upon paper represents its available relative strength, but to what extent, and by what system of reserves, this strength can be replaced or increased on short notice, we are working in the dark. We are still in the stage of simply trusting that a British army will always get through whatever work is put before it, in some way or other. How that army may be permanently improved so as to ensure the work being done in the most complete and most economical manner, is a question which ought to interest all of us, from General Peel downwards, whether as a military nation or a nation *boutiquière*. And for all whose interest in the noble art of national self-defence is as real as it should be, a compilation like Mr. Wrexall's has considerable value. It contains a clear and precise analysis of the respective strengths of the great Continental armies, entering into the details of every branch, and pointing out the peculiarities of discipline or composition which influence the character of various services. One of the earliest precepts of the fencing-master—always to oppose your own *forte* to your adversary's *foible*—is as applicable in the game of war played with a hundred thousand bayonets as with single foils; but it is more difficult in proportion to the complexity of the machine to be certain where the *forte* and the *foible* lie. We shall be all the better able to take a hint of example or of warning if we once thoroughly understand the system and the strength of those who may, by chance or by destiny, be some day or other our adversaries or our allies in a campaign.

Mr. Wrexall's sympathies as a military critic incline very strongly towards the army of our immediate neighbours on the other side of the Channel. Not only the scale upon which it is organized, but the conditions of its existence, and the judgment exercised in drawing the most profit out of those conditions, render it noteworthy and formidable. Recruited, as Mr. Wrexall points out, in a centralized empire, "from a population of thirty-six millions, generally speaking the same language, imbued with the same feelings of national pride, the same views, wishes, opinions and prejudices as regards foreign countries," it possesses, he contends, more national spirit than any other army in the world. The term is one of which the meaning is liable to be mistaken; but in the sense in which Mr. Wrexall understands it, his statement is probably true. The French army has not the old Roman religious or family feeling, *Pro aris et focis*; still less is it remarkable for a strict adherence to the chivalric motto, *Pro rege, lege, grege*; but it has a strong sentiment of purely professional nationality. *L'Etat, c'est moi*, in the mouth of the French soldier, is convertible into "France is the French army." Viewed as patriotism, this spirit may be narrow and degrading; but as *esprit de corps*, it is perhaps the broadest basis upon which a large army could be formed. It is difficult to find as good a starting-point for the encouragement of an equally universal spirit in the composition of other European armies. Even the mainspring of personal and religious loyalty to the Czar and to Holy Russia does not radiate with unvarying strength through the growing circle of that enormous empire, and cannot be concentrated as surely into an essence of military fraternity.

For the maintenance of this spirit in the French army the greatest pains are sedulously taken under the present régime. The individual soldier is as carefully trained to identify himself with

the whole body of his comrades in social and historical feeling, as to learn his manual exercise. Isolated from all domestic or provincial influence, taught to look to war as the opening of indefinitely wide chances for himself as well as for his neighbours, fed upon the records or traditions of the campaigns of the First Empire, and receiving in his daily instructions a careful explanation of the meaning of the manoeuvres in which he is practised, he soon becomes, not a military machine, but a military intelligence. Even the short date from which the history of the modern French army runs is of itself an advantage, in giving fresher colour and greater substance to its regimental traditions. The memory of Napoleon is greener than that of Wallenstein. The old *enfant de troupe*, whose father gained his cross—"où nous bousculions tous les rois"—feels a more personal interest in the thickly crowded glories of the eagle under which he serves, than Private Smith of the 3rd Buffs can realize in regard of the names upon his regiment's big drum, which reach back to Rimenaunt and the sixteenth century. The number of officers who have risen from the ranks, if not large enough quite to justify the proverb that every private carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack, yet does much permanently to maintain a general unity of feeling between the men and their leaders. In an army officered entirely from the higher classes, there is some risk that this indispensable sentiment may need to be learnt after the campaign has begun. The French recruit is systematically trained to assume the direction of the exercises of his comrades as soon as he is mechanically perfect in them himself. It is obvious that such a method must at once excite ambition and prepare the soldier for any eventualities. Two years of this education, says Mr. Wrexall, make "a wonderful difference between the rude Alsatian boor and the practised voltigeur, who has a patrol to manage during a review, and carries out his duties with the most admirable precision." Our military critic has seen—

French chasseur companies carry out very difficult manoeuvres upon extremely awkward ground, when the officers fell back first, and the sergeants commanded in their place, then the latter gave up the command to the corporals, without the word of command being prescribed for them. We will not assert that these last manoeuvres were perfectly satisfactory as regards precision; but all went on rapidly, and no positive disorder was perceptible. Indeed, any dangerous confusion never occurs even in the most complicated movements; and although the execution may appear at times irregular, careless, and precipitate, such as would break the heart of an English guardsman, still the object required is gained with the greatest certainty and rapidity.

In the days of Minié rifles, when the officers in command of troops in motion are sure to be the especial mark of the enemy's tirailleurs, such practice must be the best, if not the only, method of preserving combined steadiness and self-reliance under heavy fire. And even in the actual proportion of officers to rank and file, the French system may be advantageously compared with that of other Continental armies. An Austrian company, two hundred and twenty strong, has no more officers, commissioned or non-commissioned, except one sub-lieutenant, than a French company of one hundred and twenty. The size of the Austrian regiments is comparatively still more unwieldy. Mr. Wrexall attributes the undeniable mobility and lightness of masses of French infantry to the small subdivisions and the large number of officers.

Conscription, however necessary for keeping up armies of such enormous strength as the first-class Powers of the Continent are now maintaining, involves such obvious drawbacks in its influence on the spirit of the soldier that it is unnecessary to dilate upon them. Some deduction should probably be made on this account from Mr. Wrexall's highly-drawn picture of the universal ardour of the French army. It is strange if a considerable number of the conscript ingredients of that army are not actuated by the most pacific desire to get through their seven years of reluctant service as safely and ingloriously as they can. But in comparing our own system of volunteering to that of conscription, it is requisite not to over-estimate the advantage we may be thought to possess. The momentary consent given under the seductive influence of the recruiting-sergeant by the *liber homo* of England—"ut aliquo modo destruat" for so many years in her Majesty's service—is no positive guarantee for a permanent inclination for soldiering. It proves little more than the absence of a disinclination at the time when the contract, often strongly urged by such motives as come under the head of "the devil's driving," is actually made. General Peel's recent admission that the cases of desertion from the line are at present more numerous than those of volunteering from the militia, is a strong comment on the danger of relying too strongly on the military ardour involved in voluntary enlistment. Mr. Wrexall travelled up the Danube in company with a Russian officer, whose skill in language had pointed him out for the special duty of examining all the deserters during the siege of Sebastopol; and "we regret to say that he had to converse in English about ten times as often as his knowledge of French was called upon." The general estimate made by Mr. Wrexall of the French army, on the full war establishment, amounts to 580,000 men of all arms, 82,000 cavalry horses, and 1182 guns. This large force could, in our author's opinion, be mobilized within three months.

Even after the Crimean war the Russian army is an impenetrable mystery. Mr. Wrexall honestly confesses that he is unable to give any certain details as to its actual strength; but the utmost at which he values it is a grand total of nearly 640,000 men, with more than 1400 guns. Considerable delay would, however, be experienced in mobilizing the entire strength

represented by these figures. The reserves are said to amount to some 260,000 more. On paper, says Mr. Wraxall, the Russian forces are very formidable, but, "in practice, probably the worst in the world." Obstinately as they fought behind the walls of Sebastopol, and admirably orderly as was their retreat to the northern side, he considers their prowess in the open field to have fallen ludicrously short of universal expectation. In so heterogeneous a mass of nationalities as compose the Russian army, it is probable that great varieties of physical character and moral training are to be found. But there is something to be said for the blind courage of passive obedience which, even under the most desperate circumstances, steadies the nerves of the stolid Russian soldier, in contrast to the sensitive intelligence which occasionally teaches French troops that they are beaten at least as early as is necessary, and spreads the demoralizing panic of an individual *sauve qui peut* among "the finest light infantry in the world."

The army which in general strength and readiness for action is most nearly balanced with the French, is the Austrian. In some arms of the service (most notably in rifle-corps and cavalry) it is unquestionably superior in efficiency, and its available force for foreign service would probably be larger. The peculiar composition of the Austrian Empire renders it difficult to say how many of its troops might at any time be required for the maintenance of internal tranquillity. But with a large allowance on this head, Mr. Wraxall calculates that Austria would always be able to move against an enemy in the field a perfectly equipped army of 400,000 men. Drawn in separate drafts from the five distinct races of Germans, Slaves, Magyars, Italians, and Wallachs, which form the population of the Austrian Empire, this army has not, and never can have, the unity of tradition and feeling to be found among the French soldiery. But the drafts are so large, and are kept so distinct, that each may retain a distinct nationality and imbibe a separate *esprit de corps* for itself. The chief practical inconvenience is in the difficulty of working, with the same staff and with a small proportion of regimental officers, an army that speaks so many and such diverse languages.

The military system of Austria is, like our own, an institution that has grown rather than been made. Dating from the Thirty Years' War, it is still, in Mr. Wraxall's phrase, tainted with medievalism. The *Inhaber*, or owner of a regiment, has an actual share in the regimental patronage, which must interfere, as distinctly as our own system of purchase, with a perfect regulation of the promotion. But the standard of education required from all officers is high, and only lowered in the case of promotion from the ranks for distinguished services. Striking as are the differences among them in nationality and origin, Mr. Wraxall asserts that so close a *cameraderie* exists in no other European army.

No matter whether English or Italians, Poles or North Germans, Swiss, Belgians or Bohemians; whether princes or counts, or sons of tradesmen, or artisans—no matter whether they have large private incomes, or have to live on their pay—all are officers, and nothing but officers. Their home is where the regimental flag flutters, and all officers of the same rank, whether personally acquainted or not, address each other with the fraternal "thou." . . . This fraternity had the most valuable results in the stormy period of 1848 and 1849, and did much to maintain the stability of the empire.

Constant changes of garrison, and the system of rarely quartering a regiment among the population from which it is drawn, do much to strengthen this professional tie. With a view to the same end, *mufli* is strictly prohibited. An Austrian officer never appears but in the Emperor's coat. Even Englishmen in his service are unable to decorate themselves with those round hats with ventilating buttons which have blossomed in the last two years on the heads of all English ensigns off duty. Mr. Wraxall remarks as a special advantage possessed at present by the French and Austrian armies alike, that "so many of the general officers are men in the full vigour of life." Another advantage which Austria would be found to possess on taking the field lies in the good organization, efficient state, and well-calculated strength of her Land Transport Corps.

We have no space to enter into the remarkable system which has raised Prussia to a place among the military Powers of Europe far above that which her resources, population, and disconnected frontier would seem to warrant. The same method of service might perhaps suit no other national circumstances so thoroughly. But for those of Prussia it appears the best which could have been devised, and its application is carried out in practice most successfully. The intimate connexion of the Line and the Landwehr, which enables Prussia to put into marching order in less than a week a mass of more than 200,000 infantry, leaving 140,000 for the defence of the country, depends mainly on the provincial system of recruiting. The line regiments never change their station in peace time, and draw their levies exclusively from their own vicinity. Since universal service is compulsory, it is made as easy as is compatible with a perfectly sound military education. Such a system ensures the best of reserves. The transition from the line successively to the first and second levies of the Landwehr is a comfortable step for the self-indulgence of patriotism drawing to middle age, while it keeps up a habit of general readiness, and a well-grounded reliance in the defensive resources of the country in case of need. It may be added that, however unscrupulous was the morality of Blücher's troops in taking reprisals for all that their land had suffered from the French, the Prussian army now bears the character of being "the most respectable in the world."

CLASSIC RECORDS.*

THE veteran essayist and critic, the last survivor of the philosophic brotherhood of the "Lake School," who startled our fathers nearly forty years ago by the *Confessions of an Opium Eater*, continues to pour forth in occasional volumes the collected edition of his numerous and varied writings. The volume before us is the latest addition to the "Selections, Grave and Gay," which have appeared in succession during the last few years, and enables us to renew our acquaintance with more than one of the brilliant but fugitive pieces which we have formerly met with in the pages of the *London*, *Blackwood*, or *Tait*, and fancied we had lost sight of for ever. We believe that this voluminous author had not thought it worth while to publish anything with his own name except the *Confessions* (which originally appeared in the *London Magazine*) and the *Logic of Political Economy*, till the sense of the duty he owed his own reputation was quickened by the gentle solicitations of a publishing house at Boston in America. The collection Mr. De Quincey then made of his writings furnished forth a series of eighteen volumes. We presume, from the title of "Selections" he affixes to the English edition now in progress, that he means to exercise some discrimination in the choice of pieces to be finally presented to the British public. We should be glad indeed if he had imposed more restraint upon himself in reviewing and reconsidering a great many of his fancies, in pruning the vicious exuberance of his style, and in checking the tendency to garrulity which renders it a painful effort to read a hundred pages consecutively. At the same time we acknowledge with pleasure the brilliant ingenuity and originality of thought which pervade all our author's effusions, and are glad that he has not suffered them to perish.

Mr. De Quincey, we believe, himself arranges his productions with philosophical precision into three classes:—"First, papers whose chief purpose is to interest and amuse (autobiographic sketches, reminiscences of distinguished contemporaries, biographical memoirs, whimsical narratives and such like); secondly, essays of a speculative, critical, or philosophical character, addressing the understanding as an insulated faculty; and thirdly, papers belonging to the order of what may be called 'prose-poetry,' that is, phantasies and imaginations in prose"—those, in short, which are meant to please, to instruct, and to astonish respectively. The author would probably place the volume before us in the second of these classes; but we are tempted to say that it seems to us to belong at least as much to both the first and the third also. The essays it contains are four in number:—the "Cæsars"—a short dashing review of Roman history from Julius to Constantine, which appears to be an abridgment and continuation of the remarkable series of papers on the Cæsars properly so called, well known to the readers of *Blackwood* about twenty years ago—the "Theban Sphinx," the "Essenes," and "Ælius Lamia." Of these last we remember the second only, which appeared also, if we are not mistaken, in *Blackwood*, and is an attempt to identify the Jewish Quietists of the first century with the primitive Christians—a view which, as the author with a sort of chuckling grimace admits, found no favour with the critics. He persuades himself that it is "flattering to the author, as well as honourable to his reviewers," that the answer to his "Essenes" should have been "sternly and sans phrase, it wont do." Undoubtedly our lively theologian has thought out his theory for himself; nevertheless, he should have discovered and laid to heart, by this time, the fact that the same idea has occurred to a good many speculators like himself before him, and been refuted and repudiated as often as it has reappeared on the surface of Christian polemics. The first and third are clever attempts, but not perhaps more felicitous, to give a new force or meaning, the one to an old classical fable, the other to a corrupt passage in a classical author. An old man's vanity, especially if he be one who has earned a distinguished name in criticism and philosophy, may readily be excused; and there is something genial and pleasing in the unaffected self-complacency with which this favourite of the public announces his presumed discoveries. "I have a list," he says, "of conjectural decipherings applied by classical doctors to desperate lesions and abscesses of the text of famous authors; and I am really ashamed to say that my emendation stands *facile princeps* among them all." Such, it seems, is his correction of Suetonius in *Domit. c. 10*; but we really cannot bring ourselves to state in cold blood a conjecture so perversely ingenious, a reading so fascinating, yet so impossible. Conjectural criticism has sometimes been compared to punning. There are conjectures, like puns, which cheat us with a momentary surprise, but the next moment the judgment recovers its balance, and indignantly resents the detection of its weakness.

It is indeed impossible to believe that Mr. De Quincey is really in earnest in the greater part of his emendations or his criticisms. He touches lightly and jestingly on the opposition they have encountered, and assumes, as it would seem, an old man's license to dogmatize with a jaunty disregard of all argument to the contrary. Like the ancient chancellor in the *Sleeping Beauty*, and with some of his "vanity" perhaps, though with none of his "sedateness," he "dallies with his golden chain, and smiling puts the question by." We have no wish to press hardly upon a writer so amiable and genial; but it is only fair to remark

* *Classic Records*. Reviewed or Deciphered by Thomas De Quincey. London: James Hogg and Sons.

how from the first Mr. De Quincey has indulged himself in the fatal habit of trifling with his serious convictions. The first work by which he became known, the *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, was, as is now well understood, an imposition upon the public. Under the guise of actual fact revealed by a conscience-stricken culprit for the warning of his fellow-creatures, it was almost wholly a brilliant invention—one of those “phantasies and imaginations in prose” in which he loves to give the rein to his exuberant originality. We believe it is very doubtful whether Mr. De Quincey was ever an opium-eater at all; and certainly the long life and undiminished mental activity he has enjoyed furnish a strange commentary on the text of his pretended Confessions.

It is with pain that we notice in this, the latest of our author's productions, the same unreality which thus characterizes his earliest. In the preface, speaking of his essays on the Cæsarean history, he seems to acknowledge that he has written deliberately that to which he gives no actual credence. “The materials,” he says, “for the Western Empire are not more scanty than meagre; and in that proportion so much the greater is the temptation they offer to free and sceptical speculation. To this temptation I have yielded intermittently; but from a fear (perhaps cowardly fear) of being classed as a dealer in licentious paradox, I checked myself exactly where the largest license might have been properly allowed to a bold spirit of incredulity. In particular, I cannot bring myself to believe, nor ought I therefore to have assumed the tone of a believer, in the inhuman atrocities charged upon the earlier Cæsars. Guided by my own instinct of truth and probability I should, for instance, have summarily exploded the most revolting of the crimes imputed to Nero,” &c. We protest, in the name of common sincerity, that it is not enough to introduce a republication of the essays with such a palinode as this. The subject of Mr. De Quincey's scepticism is undoubtedly a curious one; and he would have made a better *amende* for the historical laxity he avows by inquiring more deeply into the grounds of it, than by simply and without a blush acknowledging his own want of candour about it. The inquiry, indeed, into the limits of human wickedness, and whether such and such alleged enormities are in the abstract credible, is not likely to lead to any satisfactory result. From Tertullian downwards our Christian polemics have been wont to point to the narratives of Tacitus and Suetonius as the most apposite commentary on St. Paul's denunciation of heathen vices, and the attempt of Voltaire and writers of his school to reject or extenuate them was clearly prompted by the wish to depreciate the superior purity of the Gospel. Even to this day the same feelings prevail to some extent, and indispose many of us to a calm investigation of the evidence. Not that we impute to Mr. De Quincey in the least degree the *arrière pensée* of Voltaire. He is a warm and eloquent defender both of true Christian doctrine and of Christian morality. But his hesitation and scepticism are founded on a generous and kindly appreciation of the better elements of human nature; he indulges an instinct, which may perhaps sometimes outrun his judgment, in favour of the essential goodness of the creature who was originally formed in the image of his Creator. This is not, however, the frame of mind in which a great historical question can be fairly judged.

We are sorry to find that Mr. De Quincey has made no attempt to sift the evidence for the facts he disputes. It does not seem to occur to him that the problem to be solved is simply whether they are sufficiently attested or not? In reading the Cæsarean history we are struck at once with the paucity of our witnesses, and the slender means we have of cross-examining them. Not only are the remains of that period that have come down to us the mere fragments of a wreck, but the wreck itself, it would appear, was consummated almost from the moment the vessel put out from port. Tacitus and Suetonius have been drifting, with one or two more, upon the waves for sixteen or seventeen centuries. The works by which they might have been confirmed or possibly refuted—the literature of their own age—the histories, for instance, of Pliny, Bassus, Nonianus, the Memoirs of Agrippina, and hundreds more, perished to all appearance almost as soon as they were born. They are never cited in the miscellanies of Gellius and Macrobius, full as these writers are of references to Augustan and pre-Augustan authorities. Tacitus, and Suetonius the ape of Tacitus, seem to have at once extinguished them. We can easily believe that the latter of these writers owed this distinction, in the degradation of the second and third centuries, to the pruriency of his anecdotes as much as to the smartness of his style; nor can we feel sure that the greatest of ancient historians was really saved by his merits. We are strongly inclined to suspect that both the one and the other have been preserved to us by the favour in which they were held by the Christian apologists, who read in their terrible pages, as has been before observed, the most triumphant condemnation of Pagan iniquity. These writers had also the merit of bearing testimony to the sufferings of the first disciples at Rome—a fact which, as far as appears, would have been entirely lost to us but for their alleged attestation of it. On the other hand, we could almost hazard a conjecture that the occurrence of some fancied disparagement of the Christians at the critical epoch of the siege of Jerusalem caused an indignant believer to mutilate at that point his copy of the *Histories*, and deprive us by an untoward accident of the remainder of that inestimable treasure.

If the Essays before us make, however, no pretensions to critical acumen, they are distinguished by much vivid delineation

of character, and teem with brilliant and interesting observation. Perhaps the author shows his originality in nothing so much as in his cursory remarks on the life and manners of the ancients, evincing for the most part the distinctness with which he has conceived the picture of the times he treats of, and the reality with which it is invested in his imagination. The reader must, indeed, be on his guard against a general tendency to extravagance in conception and statement, and he will be inclined to feel some distrust of the writer's belief in his own exaggerations; but bating such drawbacks to his confidence and interest, he will undoubtedly find much to reward him in this volume, in the way both of instruction and amusement.

MURCHISON'S SILURIA.*

IT is not easy to say how many editions a good book may go through. This is the second within the space of four years, and there are no signs in it that the author means as yet to lay by pen or hammer. At threescore and seven, a man has a fair right to do so if he pleases; but Sir Roderick does not so please. Geologists boast till their latest days of sound bodies and healthy minds, and this volume bears testimony to both. There are original views sustained with vigour, and old mistakes corrected with unflinching hand, while the new matter introduced may entitle it to be called a new book rather than a new edition. The work, as now introduced to us, must be considered as the digest of a life's labours in Wales and the Border counties—in Scotland, North and South—the wilds of Scandinavia—the steppes of Russia—Bohemia, Saxony, the Rhine, and various tracts in France. The author's researches have extended over a space larger than Napoleon ever governed, and whatever he has conquered remains permanently his own.

The first edition having been dedicated to his English co-peers, this edition is offered to the foreign associates who have laboured with the author in the Silurian field. And in the preface, and more fully in the opening chapter, the general scope and object of the book is defined. It is to describe, from below upwards, “the most ancient strata in which the marks of sedimentary or aqueous action are still visible, and to note the geological position of those beds which in various countries offer the oldest ascertained signs of life.” Condensed accounts then are to follow of the overlying or younger Palæozoic rocks, termed Devonian, Carboniferous, and Permian; and the range and contents of all these having been described for Britain, the author proposes to trace them in their extension through Europe and America, and to indicate what is known of them in other parts of the world. A chapter on Gold and Gold-mining completes the book. The programme thus given, Sir Roderick commences with the *beginning*, and describes, from the base upwards, the successive “stone steps” by which his readers may ascend from the “base of the Silurian rocks, with their earliest signs of ancient life.” And in a series of chapters concisely written (considering the inevitable details of the subject) he exhibits the outline and the inner structure of many a picturesque region of Britain. Lake and mountain, moor and glen, the haunt of the tourist and the sportsman, may all be found within the territory of the Silurian chief; and he claims manorial right over them with a good grace, for all are free to visit them, and the game is all their own.

But though the student may now begin at the beginning, and the book is written in that order, these were not the steps by which the author won his way from end to end of the district he calls his own. In repeopleing this waste and sea-worn territory with its appropriate inhabitants, the father of the Silurian System had to march steadily from the upper strata to the lower—from ground that was known to that which was unknown—and as he journeyed from the cultivated field into the desert, the stones he gathered had to be cast behind him ere, by contact with kindred forms, they started into life. We might even pursue the parallel further. There was Pyrrha as well as Deucalion; for the accomplished lady who shares his fortunes, and who, to her lasting credit, first led him into the geologic field, was with him in his earlier labours, and sowed with him the seed of the Silurian harvest. May they both enjoy their honours long!

There is much added in this edition concerning the foundations of the Palæozoic building; and a true base whereon to found these has been made out by the author, as we shall see in noticing his work in Scotland. For the discovery of organic remains in these old basement layers we are chiefly indebted to a much younger Silurian labourer, Mr. J. W. Salter, who has devoted several years to the illustration of the subject, and whose help in regard to the fossil evidence is gracefully and repeatedly acknowledged in the work. When the first edition appeared, these “Cambrian” rocks were not known to contain any traces of life; and even in Ireland, a solitary zoophyte or plant (of marvellous beauty, though, and in the greatest abundance) was all the organisms it could boast. Now, both in Shropshire and in Ireland, worm-tracks innumerable have been detected; miles of thickness of strata are crowded with these relics of an old shore, on which the sun shone warm, and over which the breezes blew, and on which the rain-drops

* *Siluria*. The History of the Oldest Fossiliferous Rocks and their Foundations. With a Brief Sketch of the Distribution of Gold over the Earth. By Sir Roderick Impety Murchison, D.C.L., V.P.R.S., &c. Third Edition (including the “Silurian System”) with Maps and Additional Illustrations. London: Murray. 1859.

fell as they do now. We learn all this from the records written in the rocks themselves.

We are not quite sure, however, that Sir Roderick would be greatly pleased to see a new and rich fauna disinterred from these old strata, and there is something just a little like special pleading for the few miserable zoophytes, fucoids, and worms which (with one doubtful exception dedicated to Professor Ramsay) were the sole tenants of these inhospitable shores. Nor shall we subscribe to the assertion that "Geologists are now pretty well agreed that the oldest well-defined group of organic remains pertain to the lower division of the Silurian system;" for a grand discussion still subsists on this point. However, we will not quarrel with a word, or even with an opinion, so long as the author gives us his facts to judge by.

The Lingula flags—next in order of superposition—are much richer than they were formerly thought to be; and they are now divided into a lower and an upper group—the last containing some genera and species not yet found in the former, and graduating upwards into the true Llandeilo flags. Here, if we followed Lyell, we should draw the base line of the Lower Silurian group, and leave all below it in the limbo of the "Cambrian." But this would neither satisfy the author of *Siluria*, who contends that the Lingula flags form the natural base of his own system, nor would it answer the rival claim of the other veteran expounder of the old rocks; for Sedgwick will not part with his Bala limestone, and rather than do so would eliminate Sir Roderick's lower half. We will not pretend to adjudicate on the disputed point, but refer the reader to the dates given in the introductory chapter, which show that so early as 1831, the author entered the Silurian field, the very year that Sedgwick, returning from the Lake Mountains, began his labours in North Wales. There can be little priority of nomenclature, then; but Sir Roderick Murchison was working in a region thick with fossil remains, and could identify his formations as he descended. The Woodwardian Professor, with equal zeal, was grappling with dislocated masses almost bare of organic life, and so obscured by cleavage, that even when the friends met upon the frontier neither could identify their rocks with those of the other. What wonder, then, if their boundaries should overlap? It was not till the plodding work of the Government survey had gone over the whole that the true relations of each became fully manifest. Let no one sneer, however, at the scientific controversy between two able men as if it were a strife of words, or a mere expression of party feeling. It has its origin in the love of philosophic truth; and since, in the preface to this work, the most cordial feeling is evinced, we cannot doubt that it will be reciprocated.

We must now follow rapidly through the other subformations of the Lower Silurian group, as they are traced through Shropshire and the border counties, and North and South Wales, showing everywhere the same passage (from the fossiliferous zone above noticed) through the following stages:—

1. LOWER LLANDEILO (Tremadoc Slates of Sedgwick) exhibited west of the Stiper Stones; at Tremadoc and Ffestiniog in North Wales; and on the cliffs of St. David's in South Wales. A woodcut of the characteristic fossils is given.

2. UPPER LLANDEILO FLAGS.—The muddy and calcareous nature of the sediment naturally gives a peculiar character to the fossils of the group. Some familiar ones are *Asaphus* or *Ogygia Buchii* and *Asaphus tyrannus*. We cannot cite better examples. Then follow—

3. CARADOC SANDSTONE, full of all the common shells of the district from which the name is derived. *Trinucleus Caractaci* (its name, alas! now changed to *T. concentricus*) is one of them. There is *Orthis flabellulum*, a friend we picked up outside the little cabin on Snowdon top, and a host of others. In fact, this is the really prolific part of the Lower Silurian for Britain, and the details respecting this formation are very important addenda to the present edition. There is a degree of frankness in the frequent acknowledgment by the author of errors into which an adherence to his original views led him in the first edition. Here he clearly separates what he previously termed "Upper Caradoc" (the May Hill Sandstone of Sedgwick) from the true or lower Caradoc to which he now restricts the name. Again, he announces clearly the superposition of the Caradoc itself to the Llandeilo flag (a fact now first made certain by the discovery of the former all along the South Welsh boundary), and this is a most welcome addition to our previous knowledge. And lingering awhile among the volcanic rocks of his favourite Shropshire, he shows how all the intricacies of Snowdon and Cader Idris, the lava flows and cinder-beds and ashes that show on such a great scale there, are all represented as in miniature by this small but most interesting tract. If you want to know the meaning of the wild passes of Carnarvonshire, or for the matter of that, of Cumberland too, you may have it by an easy walk from Church Stretton by the Stiper Stones to Chirbury—a long walk, though, as we well remember, if you hammer all the way.

Views of this charming country, almost Alpine in its character, and full of geological interest, are given in the third and fourth chapters. They are chiefly taken from the pages of the *Silurian System*. But then we enter on a more desolate region, and have to win our way through dry scientific details in order to comprehend why in this volume for the first time it is thought fit to introduce a Mid-Silurian zone, composed of "Lower and Upper Llandovery rocks," and which zone is abstracted from the original Caradoc Sandstone. Although one of the most important changes

effected in the present volume, there is not much that the general reader would consider of interest in this particular chapter. All the time-honoured "Caradoc" of the Malvern and Abberley Hills—of Tortworth, of May Hill—of the central dome of Woolhope, and the famous "Jacob-stones" of the Wenlock Valley, the Hope Quarries, and the limestones of Norbury and Linley at the foot of the Longmynd, belong to the Llandovery rocks. They just come to light around the Lower Silurian island of Builth, range down to Llandovery, where they take a sudden and great development, and thence skirt the whole Silurian frontier of South Wales, till they reach the sea in Marloes Bay. Rolling over to the north bank of the Towy, they reappear in undulating folds on the Teifi valley, and then again under Plynlimmon, till they attain the shores of Cardigan Bay. Only scanty traces of them appear in North Wales; but they are again in great force in the south of Scotland, and the hills of Connemara are fringed with formations full of the characteristic fossils of these beds. When it is said that the same group, with the same fossils—and notably the species of *Pentamerus*—extends to Sweden and Russia, and is yet more strikingly developed in Canada and the United States, enough will have been said to show the prevalence of this important middle zone.

In the chapters on the Upper Silurian rocks, there is not so much added to the previous editions, with the exception of a clearer description of their base, arising from improved views of the relations of the "Llandovery beds." The "Taranon Shales" are succeeded by the great Denbighshire grit series of Sedgwick—the latter local for Wales, and taking the place of flagstone and black slate in other regions. With these exceptions, Wenlock and Ludlow stand much as they did before. But much is added to the uppermost member of the latter, for the "Bone bed" has yielded up more of its secrets of late, and the layers which cover it, and which may be considered debateable ground between the Silurian and Devonian Systems, have also been very roughly treated by the band of explorers now congregated round Ludlow Castle. Their names are recorded in the seventh chapter.

Here, for the present, we leave the subject of Silurian geology; but we hope soon to return to it, and show the progress made in other regions. In speaking of the Upper Silurian rocks, we should not omit to notice the new star-fishes which grace page 141. It is wonderful how well the old strata preserve their delicate organisms. These filmy sea-stars and brittle-stars, in their panoply of plates and spines, are really a miracle of minute handiwork.

OLD IDEAS ABOUT COMMERCE.*

WE moderns have grown so conceited about our wisdom in adopting a Free-trade policy, that it may be very serviceable to take a glance at the opinions of men who lived in the times of commercial darkness, and nevertheless groped their way towards many of the doctrines that have only of late years been transformed into political facts. Every one of course is ready to admit that a certain shrewd philosopher named Adam Smith was so far in advance of his age as to have anticipated most of the discoveries on which we pride ourselves in this matter; but he is generally supposed to have stood quite alone in his advocacy of sound theories of trade. The Collection of Tracts upon Commerce which have recently been printed for private circulation by Lord Overstone, is very interesting from the evidence it affords that the dawn of new ideas was conspicuous before the appearance of the great luminary from whom we are accustomed to date the origin of political economy. It was not to be expected that a series of writings beginning with a paper addressed—or supposed to have been addressed—by Sir Walter Raleigh to King James I. should be free from errors of fact and theory; but notwithstanding all the blemishes which may easily be detected by readers who bring the experience of these latter days to bear upon the subject, there is exhibited in several of these tracts an amount of sagacity and a grasp of the true principles of commerce which will surprise most persons who have considered everything prior to the *Wealth of Nations* as entirely without value. One of the most striking circumstances that force themselves on one's attention on the first glance at this interesting collection is the clearness with which very early writers appreciated the value of the one-sided Free-trade which even now the ship-owning interest finds it so hard to digest.

At the time when Raleigh wrote, the great commercial prosperity of Holland was the standing witness in the world to the wisdom of a policy which was approximately that of a one-sided Free-trade. Sir Walter makes more than one strange blunder in his calculations of the profits derived from the herring fishery, and other branches of industry which the Dutch had in great measure monopolised; but he had detected the real reason why Amsterdam and the Hanse Towns had ousted England from her natural position as the emporium of the world. "If two English ships," he says, by way of illustration, "be at Bordeaux laden with wine, of 300 tons a-piece, the one bound for Holland, the other for England, the merchant shall pay about 900*l.* custom here, and other duties, when the other in Holland shall be cleared for less than 50*l.*, and so in all other wares and merchandizes accordingly, which draws all nations to traffic with them;" and

* A Select Collection of Scarce and Valuable Tracts on Commerce. Printed for private circulation by Lord Overstone, and Edited by J. B. McCulloch, Esq.

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he goes on to argue, much as the most enlightened modern lecturer might do, that a reduction of duties not only increases the general prosperity, but, by the greatness of the commerce induced, actually adds to the revenues of the State. It never seems to have occurred to him that this liberal policy required to be bolstered up by the expectation that foreign countries would reciprocate our favourable treatment, but, in summing up his eulogium of the Dutch policy, he is content to dwell on the fact that liberality to strangers, low duties, and free custom for every newly-created trade, were the means by which Holland had drawn all nations to trade with her. After Sir Walter Raleigh's ineffectual memorial, the next paper which appears in the collection is a sort of History of Navigation and Commerce, by the author of the *Sylva*, which bears date in 1674. The intervening time had not been very favourable to the growth of philosophical speculations on trade, and Evelyn's stilted production will not bear comparison with the practical hard-headed reasoning of Sir Walter Raleigh. An essay on Political Economy, abounding in set reflections that remind one of Hervey's *Meditations among the Tombs* and elsewhere, is a very tedious business for the reader, but there is one part of the essay which is a real curiosity. After tracing the history of navigation from "Tyrians, Trojans, Lydians," and even from certain "mercurial spirits after the Flood," Evelyn introduces us to a subject which at this moment has a strange interest. Against his own judgment (as Mr. McCulloch reminds us in his preface) the courtier devoted all his energies to the defence of one of the most preposterous claims ever advanced by any nation. The sea, according to this learned flatterer, was not only a distinct province capable of peculiar dominion, but was rather bounded by his Majesty's empire than itself the bound of his dominions. A vast mass of material and immaterial extracts from old authors is collected to establish the fact that the whole ocean had from time immemorial formed part of the dominions of the English Crown—a pretension which must have been rather rudely shaken by the uncomfortable news of the burning of the English fleet in the Medway. But from the midst of all this nonsense one very important fact emerges, and that is the practical sovereignty which England had for centuries exercised over the seas in the neighbourhood of her own coast. We have long since abandoned and forgotten the foolish claim to a legal sovereignty over the high seas, but, except for brief periods, the supremacy due to irresistible power has, until quite recently, been conceded to the navies of England. We wish we could say when we shall regain this proud position.

An essay which follows, by the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, is chiefly remarkable for the force and vigour with which it insists on the importance of commerce as the basis of national greatness. "Trade is the foundation of wealth, and wealth of power," is the text which De Foe illustrates with an abundance of facts and arguments, sometimes exaggerated, but never without point. He grows so enthusiastic with his theme that he almost persuades himself to think that broad acres are valueless to the possessor in comparison with a thriving business. "An estate is but a pond, but trade is a spring," is his emphatic way of stating what at best is only a half-truth; but in the main De Foe is right enough in saying that commerce, as the nurse of useful industry, must, at any rate for a country such as ours, be the chief source of wealth and power.

The most remarkable tract in the collection is one which the editor ascribes to a Mr. Richardson, notwithstanding the testimony of Adam Smith, who refers to it as the production of Sir Matthew Decker. This pamphlet, which is entitled *An Essay on the Causes of the Decline of our Foreign Trade*, was written to advocate the removal of all customs duties. These the author proposed to replace by a single impost, which is a sort of combination of the Income-tax which we have scarcely yet learned to endure patiently, and that kind of sumptuary tax of which the duties on hair-powder and armorial bearings are existing specimens. The plan was to classify people according to the luxuries they indulged in, and to assume that each particular indulgence implied the possession of a corresponding income. Thus the owner of two coaches and six was to be taxed on a hypothetical income of 8000*l.* a year. The wearing of ear-rings was supposed to be inconsistent with any income less than 100*l.*, while a necklace was to be taken as a confession of an annual revenue of not less than 250*l.* A man who used silver spoons was to be set down as in the enjoyment of 50*l.* a year, and the fact of drinking spirits was to be accepted as proof of an equal income. The author seems to have been thoroughly blind to the impracticability of his scheme, which he rests on a maxim not altogether without truth, that "the prince who draws his revenues from the vanities of his subjects will be richer than another who hath mines of gold, because vanity is an inexhaustible mine." But apart from his rather wild financial crotchet, the essay is not merely admirable for the time when it appeared, but is full of reasoning which has scarcely yet become trite and obsolete. The manner in which he deals with the Protectionist argument "that it is contrary to reason to take off the duties or prohibitions on the goods of any nation that will not do the same with ours," exhausts the controversy. All the arguments which ultimately prevailed over modern Tories are to be found in these pages in the tersest shape. Referring to the prohibitive policy of Spain, he pertinently asks, "If the Spaniards commit such blunders, why should we imitate them?" and again, "Why hurt ourselves

to hurt the Spaniards?" "Trade cannot, will not, be forced; let other nations prohibit, by what severities they please, interest will prevail. They may embarrass their own trade, but they cannot hurt a nation whose trade is free so much as themselves." Absolute and unqualified Free-trade, indeed, is the doctrine of the essay, and it is supported by arguments as sound and forcible as anything that Mr. Cobden ever uttered in the days of the League agitation. He even attacks the Navigation Laws, which, for other than commercial reasons, were long defended by many advocates of Free-trade principles; and there is one passage in which the favourite argument of the shipping interest is turned with considerable ingenuity against themselves. The reasoning will startle those who still think that, by opening our ports to foreign ships and foreign sailors, the difficulty of manning the navy has been increased. But we will let the author speak for himself:—

A free-port trade will draw in foreign sailors, which is a consequence of the increase of trade and navigation; for our number of sailors is even now too scanty for our confined trade, as appears by the difficulty of manning our ships of war, and the high wages our merchants give, which latter temptation is defeated by the price of all necessities; but were these to bear only their natural price, our pay in our ships of war would be of so great value that we should have the picking of all Europe, and have no need of that arbitrary expedient of pressing; for a free port furnishing employment for more sailors than we now have, vast numbers would flock here to enjoy our plenty, riches, and easy government.

The idea of filling up the navy with men "from all Europe" is not exactly in accordance with our modern notions, but the main argument is sound enough, that the influx of foreign seamen will keep down the rate of wages of our own sailors, and render it easy for the Queen's service to keep the command of the market and the pick of the best seamen. If all the ingenious schemes of the Manning Commission should break down, there will still remain the resource of paying seamen the full value of their services. Should the country be driven to this unailing means of manning the navy, the possibility of doing so without incurring a quite ruinous expense must be attributed to the repeal of the Navigation Laws.

One of the most curious of the remaining tracts in this volume is styled "A Dissertation on the Trade of the United Netherlands," and is, in fact, the report of a Commission of Dutch merchants appointed by the Prince of Orange in the year 1751. The collection is brought down to the period of the final theoretical establishment of Free-trade doctrines, and ends with a treatise written shortly after the publication of Adam Smith's work. As a contribution to the history of opinion on the subject of commercial policy, this volume has an interest not at all inferior to that of the companion collections of Tracts on Currency and Finance, which were preserved from oblivion by the same hands.

RADETSKY.*

AMONG the great military commanders of the present century, a very high place unquestionably belongs to Radetsky. Bred in the wars of the French Revolution, and constantly employed whenever his Government felt the want of his great military experience and rare practical sagacity, he deservedly acquired the highest reputation in his own country as a scientific soldier. As he had not the good fortune to be nominally Commander-in-Chief in the long French war, he was less well-known in Europe during that period than many generals who were far inferior to him in skill and experience. But in Austria his rare merits were fully acknowledged; his advice was ever sought in moments of difficulty, and he was perpetually employed in superintending the organization of the army and in preparing plans of campaigns. From 1809 till 1815 he was Chief of the Staff, in which capacity he acted in the great army commanded by Schwarzenberg, and took no inconsiderable part in the combinations which led to the defeat of Napoleon at Leipsic, and in the subsequent march of the Allies upon Paris. Yet, notwithstanding these great and valuable services, he might have been comparatively unknown but for the successes in his Italian campaigns which shed so bright a lustre over his declining years. Till then, he had enjoyed the reputation of a daring and scientific officer, remarkable alike for his zeal for the service and for his undeviating devotion to the interests of the House of Hapsburg. When far advanced in years, but with energy undiminished, he was Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian forces in Italy when the Revolution of 1848 broke out. The population rose in armed insurrection against him—Charles Albert crossed the frontier with a numerous and well-appointed army—Venice was surrendered by the treachery or weakness of its Governor—it seemed as if the Austrians were on the eve of being ignominiously expelled from the peninsula. In that terrible crisis of the Empire, when the central authority at Vienna was completely paralysed—when the principal cities of the Austrian dominions were the scenes of terrible conflicts—when the traditional loyalty of the army seemed to be completely broken—Radetsky, through his energy and courage, saved the Empire. Brilliant successes in the field reassured the wavering allegiance of the troops, recovered for the Emperor his Italian provinces, and placed at his mercy the kingdom of Sardinia. The moral effect

* Eine Biographische Skizze nach den eigenen Dictaturen und der Correspondenz des Feldmarschalls von einem Oesterreichischen Veteranen. Stuttgart und Augsburg: J. G. Cotta'scher Verlag. 1858.

of the Italian victories gave the Government at Vienna strength to combat and overcome the spirit of insurrection in other provinces. But for Radetsky's seasonable triumphs it would have fared ill not only with the political influence, but perhaps with the existence of the Austrian Empire. It is not easy to overrate the value of such services. It is, therefore, not surprising that every honour should have been heaped upon the General who had done such good service to his country in her utmost need, and that the name of Radetsky lives in the affectionate remembrance of the Austrian Court and of the armies whom he had so often led to victory. But even to those who have no such reasons for gratitude or sympathy, the biography of such a man cannot fail to be interesting. Radetsky was a man who owed little to the adventitious advantages of birth or station. In his campaigns he was not the spoiled child of fortune. He was distinguished rather by simplicity of character and solidity of intellect than by those brilliant qualities which have made some great military leaders at once the idols of their soldiers, and the curse of mankind. His career deserves to be studied, not only from the interest which attaches to the great events in which he bore so distinguished a part, but because it illustrates in a remarkable degree some of the noblest features of the German military character.

Radetsky was descended from an ancient Hungarian family which migrated into Bohemia in the thirteenth century. Early in the following century the family was ennobled by royal patent, and soon became allied with the principal houses of the old Bohemian noblesse. The Field-Marshal was born in November, 1766. Early in life he displayed a strong disposition for the military profession; and when placed as a pupil in the Theresianum College he was no less distinguished for his excellence in all manly exercises than for his devotion to the studies of the military profession. In 1784 he entered the army as a cadet, in a regiment of Cuirassiers. In 1786 he became a commissioned officer, and in the following year was made a lieutenant. On the breaking out of the Turkish war, he was ordered with his regiment to the Lower Danube, and took part in three campaigns, generally acting as orderly officer to Field-Marshal Count Lacy. The latter was one of the most accomplished and scientific officers of the Austrian army. He belonged to the school of generals which had been formed in the campaigns of the Seven Years' War; and a young officer enthusiastically devoted to his profession could hardly have had more favourable opportunities, and could not have studied under a better master. When peace was made with Turkey, Radetsky returned to his regiment, and during the interval which preceded the war with France addicted himself with great industry to the study of every branch of military science. Indeed, it may be said with justice that he was a student throughout his whole career. No regimental officer could have been a more daring leader, or have performed more dashing exploits when the occasion admitted of them; but he was always a scientific officer, and whenever he could find time, employed himself in the study of tactics and military organization. It was to this rare combination of qualities that he owed his rapid advancement to important commands. The soldiers knew him to be a bold and determined leader, and the Austrian Government felt that he might be safely entrusted with the conduct of important and difficult operations.

On the breaking out of the French war, Radetsky was ordered to the Netherlands, and placed on the staff of Baron Beaulieu, who, with a considerable body of troops under his command, was entrusted with the defence of the Luxembourg frontier. In the action at Arlon, Radetsky distinguished himself, and again when the Austrian army was attempting to relieve Charleroi, he gave proofs of his intelligence and intrepidity in swimming the Sambre at midnight, and bringing back a report of the fate of that fortress. This exploit of his early youth was carefully remembered in the Austrian army, and in his later years he used at times to refer to it with a grim smile at the prowess of his youth. Shortly after this he was wounded in action, and, after seven years passed in the army, was gazetted a captain "for distinguished services." Towards the end of 1794, all the fortresses on the left bank of the Rhine, with the exception of Luxembourg, were in the hands of the enemy. The English army under the Duke of York had re-embarked, and the active operations of the Austrians were carried on in a different quarter. In the campaign of the following year, Radetsky served under Count Clerfayt on the Rhine, and was appointed to lead one of the storming columns in the attack on the works at Mainz, where he was again slightly wounded. The next year he was again called upon by his old commander, Baron Beaulieu, and joined the head-quarters at Pavia in February, 1796. In that disastrous campaign, the Sardinian allies of Austria yielded almost without a struggle; their King negotiated with the invaders; and, within a fortnight from the opening of the campaign, the Austrians were forced to assume a defensive attitude. Their positions were badly selected, their numbers weak, the General incapacitated by illness, and his place filled by Melas. The Austrians were signally defeated, and Beaulieu was only saved from being made prisoner by the personal exertions of Radetsky, who to the last did his utmost to rally the troops, and only escaped himself by swimming the Mincio on horseback. The last official act of Beaulieu was to recommend for promotion his distinguished staff-officer.

Radetsky now became major in a newly-raised pioneer corps, and rendered valuable services in the memorable defence of Mantua. It was on this occasion that he became acquainted with General Graham, afterwards Lord Lynedoch, who was at that time attached as English Commissioner to Marshal Wurmser's head-quarters. The young Austrian officer contracted a warm friendship with him, which lasted without interruption till the death of the latter. When Mantua surrendered, after the failure of Alvinzi's attempt to relieve it, Radetsky and his battalion were among the number of those who were permitted, by the terms of the capitulation, to withdraw, on the condition of not serving against France for three months. In the latter part of the year he was again employed with his pioneer corps in constructing works on the Austro-Italian frontier. He did not remain idle in the interval of repose which followed the peace of Campo Formio. His corps, under his direction, was employed in opening roads in the Engadine mountains, and improving the communications in what remained to Austria of her Italian dominions. The memorable campaign of 1799 again summoned Radetsky to employment more suited to his active and vigorous genius. He was promoted in the spring to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and appointed Adjutant-General to Count Melas. Throughout the successful operations of the Austro-Russian forces, he greatly distinguished himself, and contributed in no small degree to the signal defeat of Macdonald on the Trebbia. On that occasion he was again wounded, but not so severely as to prevent him from taking part in the subsequent operations. At Novi, his unerring sagacity enabled him to detect the weak point of the enemy's position; and on his earnest representation to the General, he was entrusted with the command of two brigades, with which he attacked Joubert's right wing and rear, and ensured the success of the day for the Austrian arms. He was again distinguished in the actions of the 4th and 5th of November, when the French, under Championnet, were defeated. He was at this time raised to the rank of Colonel, but retained his position on the staff of Melas, who seems to have deservedly reposed the greatest confidence in the zeal and judgment of his indefatigable Adjutant-General. In the spring of the following year, the tide of Austrian success continued. Lombardy and Piedmont were re-conquered, Massena was besieged in Genoa, and the Austrians were on the French frontier. But in the mean time a large French army had been collected at Dijon—Bonaparte assumed the command—and the superiority of the French was at once re-established in north Italy by the victory of Marengo. In that battle, as usual, Radetsky was pre-eminently conspicuous for his gallant bearing no less than for the skilful conduct of the troops under his orders. When, however, military operations were resumed in Italy, Count Bellegarde was appointed to command, and Radetsky, his post being filled by another, returned to Austria. He was at once appointed to command a regiment of cuirassiers, which shortly afterwards joined the army under the Archduke John. In the battle of Hohenlinden Radetsky was employed with his regiment, and by his gallant conduct in leading his regiment on that disastrous day sustained the reputation which he had won in the Italian wars. The ill success of the Austrian arms led to the conclusion of the peace of Lunéville, and for a short space the Imperial armies were in a state of inactivity. But to Radetsky the peace brought no repose. All his thoughts and energies were directed to the improvement of the military system of his country, and from his rank in the army, as well as from the undoubted proofs he had given of his military talents, his counsels, if not always followed, were invariably listened to with respect. At this period of his career he devoted himself to improving the organization of the cavalry, and his own regiment he speedily brought to such a point of efficiency that it became the pattern of the Austrian cavalry service. It is also noteworthy that he introduced among his officers a book society, which was the origin of the regimental libraries in the Austrian army.

When war broke out again in 1805, Radetsky was made a Major-General, with the command of a force of some five thousand men in Italy. By this time he had acquired a European reputation, and the Austrian Cabinet was solicited, first by the English Government, to send him with a division to take part in a descent on France, and subsequently by the Russian Government, who were anxious to secure his services as Austrian Commissioner at the head-quarters of Kutusow. He was himself greatly averse to undertaking any such employment. His ambition was to lead his division in the field; but he only arrived in Italy to take part in the retreat of the Austrian armies from Italy, the inevitable consequence of the defeat of Austerlitz. The peace of Presburg followed, and the Government again, notwithstanding its losses, set to work to prepare for a future contest. Much was to be done for the reorganization of the army. Recourse was had to the knowledge and experience of Radetsky, by whose efforts numerous improvements were introduced into the military system of Austria. When Count Stadion declared war in 1809, Radetsky's services were of course put in requisition; but it seems somewhat surprising that a commander of such approved merit, with the experience of so many campaigns, and with an energy of character recognised by all who came in contact with him, should not have held a higher command than that which was assigned to him. In the fiercely-contested campaign that followed, he was constantly distinguished. After the disastrous battle of Wagram he rendered invaluable services at the head of a strong

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division. He had shown himself as great in disaster as in victory, and was henceforth clearly marked out as one of the men under whom Austria was again to gather up her forces for a final effort to overthrow the domination of Napoleon and restore her own political independence.

LATHBURY'S HISTORY OF THE PRAYER BOOK.*

MR. LATHBURY has been long, if not very widely, known as a gentleman who has devoted much study to the history of the English Church since the Reformation. His reading has lain a good deal among old pamphlets, and other such sources of knowledge, from which he would seem to have picked out many small pieces of information which perhaps no other person in late times has possessed. And among his publications there is one, at least—the *History of the Nonjurors*—which deserves grateful mention; not that it is in any respect a good book, but because it was the first, and as yet remains the only, attempt to supply a general account of that remarkable party.

The long title of the present volume is likely to give a wrong notion of Mr. Lathbury's plan, inasmuch as it seems to promise three distinct parts—1. A history of the Prayer Book; 2. An inquiry into the observance of rubrics and canons; 3. An account of the state of religion from the outbreak of the troubles under Charles I. to the Restoration. But instead of this the book really consists of a continuous narrative, arranged in chronological order; and if we had to find a title for it, we might, perhaps, best indicate its nature by styling it *Odds and Ends relating to the History of Religion in England*.

"Works on the Common Prayer, the Rubrics, and Canons," says Mr. Lathbury, in his preface, "are rather numerous; yet the process to which I have resorted in the present volume has not been adopted by preceding writers to any considerable extent. My object is to show how the rubrics and canons of the Church have been understood and observed from the Reformation to the accession of George III." On reading this passage, we were at once struck by the remembrance of two volumes, each almost equal in size to Mr. Lathbury's own, in which a similar process of investigation had been pursued—the one, a *Historical Inquiry into the Rubric*, published in 1845; the other, of which the second edition appeared in 1844, entitled, *How shall we conform to the Liturgy?* These volumes, indeed, as they were composed with a view to a controversy which was actually raging, cannot boast of such ample materials as Mr. Lathbury has since had leisure deliberately to collect; and we believe that the earlier, at least, of the writers is now very indifferent to reputation as a ritualist. But, although there was, no doubt, room for fresh labours in the same line, it certainly looks unhandsome in Mr. Lathbury to speak in so slighting a manner of all that had been done before him, and to make no mention whatever of writers who set him the example of historical investigation as long as from thirteen to fifteen years ago. And we may note here that, whereas Archdeacon Harrison, in his *Inquiry*, has very elaborately discussed the history of Queen Elizabeth's *Advertisements*—arguing that they are of full authority, inasmuch as they fulfilled certain conditions laid down in the Act of Uniformity at the beginning of her reign—Mr. Lathbury, without at all adverting to the Archdeacon's argument, pronounces the *Advertisements* to be "not published under her Majesty's authority," and consequently to be without "the same force as her *Injunctions*." Although this had been the common opinion, it ought certainly not to be repeated now without some examination of Archdeacon Harrison's reasons to the contrary; and if Mr. Lathbury should tell us that he was not acquainted with the Archdeacon's book, we reply that he ought to have made himself acquainted with it, before coming out with a book of his own on the plea that "preceding writers" had not anticipated him "to any considerable extent." Nor are the two works which we have named by any means the only ones of recent date in which the English ritual has been illustrated from the history of our church since the Reformation, although the only thing of the kind which Mr. Lathbury condescends to mention is a pamphlet by a clergyman of the name of Scobell, published in 1843.

In describing this volume as consisting of "odds and ends," we meant to signify that it has no pretension to completeness, but is merely a collection of such facts as have fallen in the writer's way, with his observations and inferences. There is no attempt to trace the Prayer Book to its sources, either in the ritual books of the Middle Ages, or in such endeavours at a reform of the public devotions as had been made by Cardinal Quignon and others. Nor is there any attempt to ascertain the authority of rubrics and canons, or the extent to which they require obedience. In short, the choice of subjects appears to be throughout determined by the author's having something to tell, and not by any consideration of what the reader might probably wish to know. We do not, however, mention this by way of blame, but merely in order to prevent the chance of disappointment, by making readers aware that, in going through Mr. Lathbury's work, they must be content to take what they can get. Among things which were

new to ourselves (who confess that our interest in such matters is not very lively, and that our knowledge may very possibly have fallen into arrear of the general progress), are some curious notices of English *Primers* and other forms which preceded the Prayer Book of 1549, and, in a later part of the volume, an account of some metrical versions of the Psalms.

We have heard of a precocious young lady, who, on being somewhat indiscreetly questioned as to the religious opinions of her parents, replied—"Mamma is broad, inclining to high, and papa is broad, inclining to low." In like manner, if we should be asked to describe our author according to the usual distinctions of theological opinion, we might style him "High, inclining to low." There is in him an odd mixture of notions which are generally supposed to be inconsistent, or which, at least, are seldom held by one and the same person; and as this mixture is not the result of any tendency to "breadth," there are frequent unpleasant manifestations of something like a crotchety dogmatism. As a specimen at once of Mr. Lathbury's tone and of his composition, we may quote a few sentences on the Division of Services, which he (quite against historical evidence, as it appears to us) condemns, without any regard to the variety of circumstances which may render it expedient in some congregations, although it may be nowise expedient in others:—

A division of the services, therefore, would be a deviation from the practices of the Reformers. It would involve the condemnation of their arrangements. . . . When it is said that no rubric prohibits a division in express terms, it may be replied that it [what?] imposes the performance of the service on the clergy in such a way as to render the division impossible. At common law, many things are decided by custom. Indeed, custom is often the only law. Our present custom of reading our service has been continuous from the Reformation. Were there no written law, custom then would settle the question. Yet the written law is express and clear. The forms for the state holidays are framed on the general principal of a continuous service, &c.

This fashion of writing in little unconnected sentences, and the peremptory air with which the propositions are enunciated in this passage, run throughout the book.

We are very far from despising the pamphlet learning which seems to be Mr. Lathbury's grand accomplishment; but we must really doubt whether it has produced any very important addition to the sum of current knowledge on the subjects which he discusses. And, while we are pleased with his enthusiasm at discovering in some miscellaneous Bodleian volume some little tract of which nobody suspected the existence, and of which all other copies had long ago perished by thumbing or viler uses, we must be allowed to laugh at his crowing over these discoveries as proudly as if he had brought to light the *Philosophumena* or the ruins of Nineveh. Hear him, for example, on "*The Order of Matrimony*," by Antony Scoloker, dwelling in the Savoy Rentes:—

The only known copy of this work is now in the Bodleian Library. It was discovered by myself about twenty years ago. [Surely the very day and hour of so great a discovery ought to have been stated.] The title is given by Herbert, whose description is merely transcribed by Dibdin and Lowndes. Neither had seen a copy. Its contents were quite unknown to all preceding writers on the Reformation.

Again, as to Archbishop Parker's Visitation Articles of 1563:—

These articles were published, and yet they remained unknown to all our authorities until very lately. A few years ago I discovered a copy, beautifully printed, in a volume of tracts. Strype was not aware of the existence of any articles, even in manuscript. Neither by our historians nor by our bibliographical writers was the existence of such a book ever suspected.

And, as if this in the text were not enough, Mr. Lathbury adds, in a note at the bottom of the page—

It is remarkable that the very existence of such a book should have been so long unknown.

Alas! we fear that the world will never understand how much it owes to the discoverer of Scoloker's tract on the Marriage Service and of Parker's Articles; nay, we fear that it may be so ungrateful as even to question whether such discoveries entitle Mr. Lathbury to lay down the law on ritual matters and on religion in general.

We have already sufficiently intimated that the author's diligence in collecting his materials is greater than his skill or judgment in using them. Nor is the arrangement such as to enable the reader to profit readily by what is set before him. As each chapter professes to contain the history of a certain period, and as there is no uniformity in the treatment of the successive periods, it is impossible to trace the history of any particular subject through one of them after another; and in order to make this more utterly hopeless, there is no index—an omission, which we hold to be utterly unpardonable in any book which will admit of an index, and more especially in a book so miscellaneous and so unmethodical as this. Whether Mr. Lathbury's work is likely to be of any considerable use, we do not venture to say very confidently. But we suspect that it comes a good many years too late to do even such service as such a book might once have done; for not only have ritual questions ceased to engage the general attention, but it would seem that those who consider them of vital importance have on both sides advanced beyond the stage at which any great amount of deference would be paid to the opinions or the precedents of Anglican Reformers or divines.

NOTICE.—The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

* A History of the Book of Common Prayer, and other Books of Authority. With an Attempt to ascertain how the Rubrics and Canons have been understood and observed from the Reformation to the Accession of George III. Also an Account of the State of Religion and Religious Parties in England from 1640 to 1660. By the Rev. Thomas Lathbury. Oxford and London: J. H. and J. Parker. 1858.

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The Right Hon. W. Cowper, M.P.	Sir H. Holland, Bart.
The Right Hon. E. Ellice, M.P.	Kirkman D. Hodgson, Esq., M.P.
The Right Hon. Sir George Grey, Bart., M.P.	Austen H. Layard, Esq.
The Right Hon. H. Labouchere, M.P.	A. W. Kinglake, Esq., M.P.
The Right Hon. T. Milner Gibson, M.P.	Joseph Locke, Esq., M.P.
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The Right Hon. Sir Benjamin Hall, Bart., M.P.	Sir R. Murchison
The Right Hon. Ed. Horsman, M.P.	W. Miles, Esq., M.P.
The Right Hon. R. Vernon Smith, M.P.	Charles Newdegate, Esq., M.P.
The Right Hon. James Stuart Wortley, M.P.	Samuel Morley, Esq.
The Right Hon. Sir D. Dundas	Edward Romilly, Esq.
The Hon. A. Kinnaird, M.P.	A. G. Roberts, Esq.
The Dean of St. Paul's	Wm. Roupell, Esq., M.P.
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W. Brown, Esq., M.P.	W. Tite, Esq., M.P.
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	Major-General Sir F. Williams, M.P.

CITY COMMITTEE.

The Right Hon. The LORD MAYOR, President.

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The heavy expenses attendant on providing in the most moderate manner for a large body of Exiles, who are almost all in a condition entirely destitute, induce the Committees to intreat those persons who sympathize with their sufferings and desire to assist them, to exert themselves to collect subscriptions without delay.

Contributions will be received by Messrs. Ransom, Bouvier, and Co., 1, Pall-Mall East; at the Office, 118, Pall-Mall, S.W.; and by all the London Bankers.

118, Pall-Mall, S.W., March 25th. A. KINNAIRD, Treasurer.

A. PANIZZI, Hon. Sec.

WILLIAM SMEE and SONS respectfully announce that their SPRING MATTRESS, Tucker's Patent, or Sommer Tucker (which obtained the Prize Medal at the recent Exhibition at Dijon, and which is being so extensively adopted in this country, and throughout the Continent), may be obtained of any respectable Upholsterer or Bedding Warehouseman.

IRON HURDLES, FENCING, AND GATES—WIRE NETTINGS AND ORNAMENTAL WIRE-WORK—CAST-IRON VASES, FOUNTAINS, GARDEN SEATS, and every description of Plain and Ornamental Iron Work in connexion with Landed Property.

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ORNAMENTS FOR THE DRAWING-ROOM, LIBRARY, AND DINING-ROOM, consisting of a great variety of Vases, Figures, Groups, Inkstands, Candlesticks, Inlaid Tables, &c. in Derbyshire Spar, Marble, Italian, Alabaster, Bronze, &c., manufactured and imported by J. TRENANT, 140, Strand, London.

WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS ENGRAVED AND PRINTED, by first-class workmen, at LIMBIRD'S, 344, STRAND, opposite Waterloo-bridge. Wedding Stationery, Heraldic Engraving, Die-sinking, and Plates for Marking Linen, Books, &c.—LIMBIRD'S, 344, Strand, W.C.

WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.—MEDIEVAL MOUNTED ENVELOPE and BLOTTING CASES, and INKSTANDS en suite; Work, Netting, and Glove Boxes; Scent Caskets and Book-slides; Ladies' and Gentlemen's Travelling Dressing Bags, fitted complete, from 45 5s.; Ladies' Reticule and Carriage Bags, with wide openings; Ladies' Dressing Cases, from 21s.; Gentlemen's Dressing Cases, from 12s. 6d.; Ladies' Rosewood Dressing Cases, silver-top bottles, from 23 3s.; Despatch Boxes, from 21s.; Travelling and Tourists' Writing Cases, from 2s.; Jewel Cases, Etui Cases, Stationery, Cabinets in Walnut and Oak, and a Variety of other Articles suitable for Presents, too various to enumerate.—To be had at H. RODRIGUES' well-known Establishment, 42, Piccadilly.

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3, PALL MALL EAST, LONDON.—CAPITAL STOCK, £100,000.

Parties desirous of investing money are requested to examine the Plan of the Bank of Deposit, by which a high rate of interest may be obtained with ample security. Deposits made by Special Agreement, may be withdrawn without notice. The interest is payable in January and July.

PETER MORRISON, *Managing Director.*

Forms for opening Accounts sent free on application.

LAW LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,
FLEET STREET, LONDON.

MARCH 17TH, 1859.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Books for the Transfer of Shares in this Society "are closed," and will be reopened on Wednesday, the 6th day of April next. The Dividend for the Year 1858 will be payable on and after Thursday, the 7th day of April next.

By Order of the Directors,

WILLIAM SAMUEL DOWNES, *Actuary.*

BONUS DIVISION.**GLOBE INSURANCE,**
CORNHILL AND CHANCERY CROSS, LONDON.—ESTABLISHED 1803.

Capital ONE MILLION, All Paid-up and Invested.

DIRECTORS.

JOHN EDWARD JOHNSON, *Esq., Chairman.*

THOMAS M. COOMBS, *Esq., Deputy-Chairman.*

GEO. CARR GLYN, *Esq., M.P., Treasurer.*

William Chapman, *Esq.*

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Robert Wm. Gausson, *Esq.*

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Sheffield Neave, *Esq.*

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William Phillimore, *Esq.*

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Ed. Westmacott, *Esq., F.R.S.*

Joshua Wilson, *Esq.*

Benjamin G. Windus, *Esq.*

AUDITORS.

Alexander Mackenzie, *Esq.*

George Saintsbury, *Esq.*

The following are examples of the PROFITS accruing on GLOBE PARTICIPATING LIFE POLICIES under the BONUS declared as at 31st December, 1858:—

Age at Date of Policy.	Original Sum Insured.	Original Annual Premium.	Complete Years in force.	Bonus applied—	
				By Addition to Policy.	By payment in Cash.
25	1000	21 9 2	6	72	27 17
35	1000	28 2 6	6	72	33 15
40	1000	33 15 0	6	72	35 7
50	1000	45 12 6	6	72	43 9

(Policies of One to Five complete Years Participate in proportion.)

The above Profits are equivalent—if added to the Policy—to a Reversionary Sum at death equal to ONE POUND FOUR SHILLINGS PER CENT. PER ANNUM on the Sum Insured for each of the completed years of the Policy; or, if taken as an IMMEDIATE CASH PAYMENT, it is, at most ages, considerably more than ONE YEAR'S PREMIUM.

The Bonus Periods are FIVE Years, and the Rates of Life Premiums, whether with or without Profits, very economical.

FIRE, LIFE, ANNUITY, ENDOWMENT, and REVERSIONARY business transacted.

WILLIAM NEWMARCH, *Secretary.*

HANDSOME BRASS AND IRON BEDSTEADS.—HEAL and SON'S Show-rooms contain a large assortment of Brass Bedsteads, suitable both for Home Use and for Tropical Climates; handsome Iron Bedsteads, with Brass Mountings and elegantly japanned; plain Iron Bedsteads for Servants; every description of Wood Bedstead that is manufactured, in Mahogany, Birch, Walnut Tree Woods, Polished Deal and Japanned, all fitted with Bedding and Furniture complete, as well as every description of Bedroom Furniture.

HEAL and SON'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, containing Designs and Prices of 100 Bedsteads, as well as of 150 different Articles of BED-ROOM FURNITURE, sent free by post.—HEAL and SON, Bedstead, Bedding, and Bedroom Furniture Manufacturers, 186, Tottenham Court-road, W.

PARIS CHOICE PERFUMERY.

ED. PINAUD'S PERFUMES, FANCY SOAPS, POMADES, Philocomes, Aromatic and Oriental Vinegar, Cosmetics, Elixirs, Dentifrice, &c. &c. &c., to be had of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the country. Depot for Wholesale and Export, 27, Cannon-street West, London.

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LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL,

Administered with the greatest success in cases of

CONSUMPTION, GENERAL DEBILITY, RHEUMATISM, INFANTILE WASTING, AND ALL THE DISORDERS OF CHILDREN ARISING FROM DEFECTIVE NUTRITION.

From the rapidity of its curative effects, is not only immeasurably the most efficacious and the most economical, but its ENTIRE FREEDOM FROM NAUSEOUS FLAVOUR AND AFTER-TASTE is attested by innumerable opinions of Physicians and Surgeons of European reputation, from which the following extracts are selected:—

"Dr. de Jongh's Oil does not cause nausea and indigestion."—A. B. GRANVILLE, Esq., M.D., F.R.S., Author of the "Spas of Germany."

"I have tasted your Oil, and find it not at all nauseous—a very great recommendation."—SHERIDAN MUSPRATT, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.

"Dr. de Jongh's Oil is more palatable to most patients than the other kinds of Cod Liver Oil."—C. RADCLIFFE HALL, Esq., M.D., Consumption Hospital, Torquay.

"Children will take it without objection, and when it is given them often cry for more."—THOMAS HUNT, Esq., F.R.C.S., Western Dispensary for Diseases of the Skin.

Sold ONLY in IMPERIAL Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s., capsuled, and labelled with Dr. de JONGH'S signature, WITHOUT WHICH NONE IS GENUINE, IN THE COUNTRY by respectable Chemists.

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KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.—A Safe and Certain Remedy for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, and other Affections of the Throat and Chest. In INFANTILE CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, and WINTER COUGH, they are unfailing. Being free from every hurtful ingredient, they may be taken by the most delicate female or the youngest child.

Prepared and Sold in Boxes 1s. 1½d., and Tins 2s. 9d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Retail by all Druggists.

KEATING'S PALE NEWFOUNDLAND COD LIVER OIL, perfectly pure, nearly tasteless, having been analysed, reported on, and recommended by Professors TAYLOR and THOMSON, of Guy's and St. Thomas's Hospitals, who, in the words of the late Dr. PEREIRA, say, that "The finest oil is that most devoid of colour, odour, and flavour."—Half-Pints, 1s. 6d.; Pints, 2s. 6d.; Quarts, 4s. 6d.; and Five-Pint Bottles, 10s. 6d., Imperial Measure.—79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.

DR. H. JAMES, the retired Physician, discovered while in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. Desirous of benefiting his fellow creatures, he will send post free, to those who wish it, the recipe, containing full directions for making and successfully using this remedy, on their remitting him six postage stamps.—Address, O. P. BROWN, 14, Cecil-street, Strand.

THE NORTHFLEET DOCKS AND LONDON QUAYS COMPANY, LIMITED.

OFFICES—10, CANNON-STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Capital £1,500,000, in 75,000 Shares of £20 each.

With power to the Directors at any time to increase the Capital to £2,000,000, according to the requirements of the Company, by the issue of 25,000 Shares of £20 each, which will be offered in the first instance to the then existing Shareholders.

Deposit £2 10s. per Share, £1 of which is to be paid on application.

DIRECTORS.

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Deputy-Chairman—JAMES NUGENT DANIELL, Esq. (Chairman of the Blackwall, and Tilbury and Southend Railways).

Sir James D. Elphinstone, Bart., M.P., Portsmouth.

William H. Furlonge, Esq. (Messrs. Magalhães, Reay, and Co.), 75, Mark-lane, City.

Lord Alfred Hervey, M.P., 6, St. James's-square.

Patrick Douglas Hadow, Esq. (Director of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company).

Rear-Admiral Sir George R. Lambert, K.C.B., Northolt-place, Kingston, Surrey.

John Dawson Lowden, Esq., Leinster-gardens, Hyde-park.

Lieutenant-Colonel Neville, 5, John-street, Berkeley-square.

Robert Pulsford, Esq., 58, Upper Belgrave-street, Belgrave-square.

George Edgar Ranking, Esq. (Messrs. John Ranking and Co.), 11, St. Helen's-place.

Henry Tootal, Esq. (Chairman of the North and South Western Railway Junction, and Deputy-Chairman of the Shropshire Union Railway and Canal Company).

Francis Wright, Esq., Butterley Iron Works, and Osaston Manor, Derbyshire.

(With power to add to their number.)

Joseph Barber, Esq., Brewer's Quay, Lower Thames-street, will join the Board after the formal transfer of his property to the Company.

CONSULTING ENGINEER—John Hawkshaw, Esq., 33, Great George-street, Westminster.

ENGINEER—Sir Charles Fox, 8, New-street, Spring-gardens.

BANKERS—Messrs. Currie and Co., 29, Cornhill; and

the London and Westminster Bank, Lothbury.

SOLICITORS—Messrs. W. Murray, Son, and Hutchins, 11, Birchin-lane.

BROKERS—Messrs. Hill, Fawcett, and Hill, 29, Threadneedle-street.

SECRETARY—James Le Geyt Daniell, Esq.

THE OBJECT of the NORTHFLEET DOCKS AND LONDON QUAYS COMPANY, LIMITED, is to provide the Port of London with the following among other important advantages:—

DRY DOCKS.—The Port of London, as compared with Liverpool, Southampton, and many other Ports in the United Kingdom, is greatly deficient in Dry Dock accommodation. It is a remarkable fact that there are no Dry Docks on the Thames belonging to any of the existing Dock Companies, whereas Liverpool, for example, possesses eighteen Dry Docks, besides those of Birkenhead, capable of receiving ships of the largest tonnage, which at present cannot be accommodated in any dock in the Thames.

INCREASED WET DOCK GENERAL ACCOMMODATION.—The crowded state of the river above Woolwich renders navigation tedious, dangerous, and expensive; and this, in addition to the want of Dry Docks, compels steamers and other vessels, especially those of the larger class, to avoid the Port of London. Nevertheless there is a greater concentration of Shipping in the Thames than in any other Port in the World, and the Trade of London with all parts of the Globe is rapidly and steadily increasing. This is proved by the statistics of the Board of Trade reports, which further show that the Port of London paid, in the year 1856, £4,751,416 more than all the other Ports of the United Kingdom put together, while during the last thirty years no proportionate increase in Dock accommodation has taken place.

DIRECT COMMUNICATION WITH RAILWAYS.—It is of importance that Merchants and Shippers should be enabled to avail themselves, to the fullest extent, of the advantages afforded by the existing lines of Railway, for the direct conveyance of imports and exports to and from any part of Great Britain without the delay and expense of cartage, wharfage, and lighterage, in transit.

PLANS AND ESTIMATES of the whole undertaking have been carefully prepared and have been investigated by a Committee appointed for that purpose. The Reports of the Engineers show a sum of £2,000,000 will be sufficient to carry out the undertaking in its integrity, leaving an ample margin for the purchase of the properties; and the engineers have named to the Directors eminent Contractors who are willing to take and guarantee the execution of all the works within the estimates. It is intended, however, to construct the works at Northfleet, by gradual operations, according to the requirements of commerce, and it is not expected that more than £1,250,000 will be called up within the first eighteen months; no call to exceed £2 10s. per share.

In the event of the Directors not deeming it advisable to proceed, the deposit will be returned to the Shareholders, less the Preliminary Expenses, which will not under any circumstances exceed Five Shillings per Share.

Applications for Shares to be made to the Secretary, at the Offices of the Company; to the Brokers, Messrs. Hill, Fawcett, and Hill, 29, Threadneedle-street, London; also to John B. Neilson, Esq., Liverpool; William Newburn, Esq., Manchester; Nathaniel Lea, Esq., Birmingham; Thomas Parkinson, Esq., and Harry Hughlings, Esq., Halifax; Messrs. McEwan and Auld, Glasgow; William Bell, Esq., Edinburgh; John Dubedat, Esq., Dublin, from all of whom detailed Prospectuses, and Forms of Application for Shares may be obtained.

GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH,

USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY,

AND PRONOUNCED BY HER MAJESTY'S LAUNDRESS TO BE

THE FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED.

Sold by all Chandlers, Grocers, &c. &c.

WHITEFRIARS GLASS-WORKS, LONDON, E.C.,

Between Bridge-street and the Temple.

JAMES POWELL and SONS, Manufacturers.

The Works comprise the following departments:—

TABLE GLASS. Decanters and other glass ware, wholesale and retail;

the staple of the Manufactory above 150 years.

CHEMICAL GLASS, English and Foreign Porcelain.

ARTIST'S GLASS. The old colours revived.

WINDOW GLASS of all sorts.

CHURCH WINDOW DEPARTMENT.

POWELL'S QUARRIES and GEOMETRICAL PATTERNS.

RICH PAINTED WORK and other glazing.

CHURCH ORNAMENT and GLASS MOSAICS.

Specimens and works in hand on view.

ATTENDANCE BY APPOINTMENT TO TAKE INSTRUCTIONS.

MAPPIN'S "SHILLING" RAZORS Shave well for Twelve Months without Grinding.

MAPPIN'S 2s. RAZORS Shave well for Three Years.

MAPPIN'S 3s. RAZORS (suitable for Hard or Soft Beards) Shave well for Ten Years.

MAPPIN'S DRESSING CASES and TRAVELLING BAGS.—MAPPIN BROTHERS, Manufacturers by Special Appointment to the Queen, are the only Sheffield Makers who supply the Consumer in London. Their London Show Rooms, 67 and 68, KING WILLIAM STREET, London Bridge, contain by far the largest STOCK of DRESSING CASES, and Ladies' and Gentlemen's TRAVELLING BAGS, in the World, each Article being manufactured under their own superintendence.

MAPPIN'S Guinea DRESSING CASE, for Gentlemen.

MAPPIN'S Two Guinea DRESSING CASE, in Solid Leather.

LADIES' TRAVELLING and DRESSING BAGS, from £2 12s. to £100 each.

Gentlemen's do. do., from £3 12s. to £50.

Messrs. MAPPIN invite inspection of their extensive Stock, which is complete with every Variety of Style and Price.

A costly Book of Engravings, with Prices attached, forwarded by post on receipt of Twelve Stamps.

MAPPIN BROTHERS, 67 and 68, King William-street, City, London.

Manufactory, Queen's Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

REPRESENTATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

It is intended to present the following requisition to A. J. B. BERESFORD HOPE, Esq., M.A., M.P., of Trinity College:

"Sir, We, the undersigned, Members of the Senate, respectfully request that you will consent to become a Candidate, in the event of a vacancy, for the representation of the University.

"We are of opinion that your consistent and earnest attachment to the Constitution in Church and State, your eminent services to the cause of religious education, your Parliamentary experience, your literary reputation, and the zealous interest you have always manifested in whatever concerned the well-being of the University, combine to point you out as a person well qualified to be our Representative in Parliament.

"We are, Sir, your obedient Servants,"

[Here will follow the signatures.]

Members of the Senate, either resident or non-resident, who desire to join in this Requisition, are requested to send their names, as early as possible, to some one of the undermentioned persons, who have consented to act as Secretaries:—

Rev. W. M. CAMPION, Queen's College.
Rev. W. G. CLARK, Trinity College.
Rev. W. C. MATHISON, Trinity College.
Rev. J. E. B. MAYOR, St. John's College.
Rev. E. H. PEROWNE, Corpus Christi College.
Rev. W. F. WITTS, King's College.
Rev. A. WOLFE, Clare College.

Cambridge, March 18th, 1859.

PAINTED GLASS WINDOWS FOR CHURCHES, &c.

LAVERS and BARRAUD, 30, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, will be happy to submit Designs for works of the highest character, and for more simple windows—e. g., Grisaille, Geometric, and Quarry Glazings; also, for Mural Decoration. Prices and Information forwarded.

ALLSOPP'S PALE ALE in the finest condition, is now being delivered by HARRINGTON PARKER and CO. This celebrated Ale, recommended by Baron Liebig and all the Faculty, is supplied in bottles, and in casks of 18 gallons and upwards, by

HARRINGTON PARKER and CO., Wine and Spirit Merchants,
53, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

OPORTO.—AN OLD BOTTLED PORT of high character, 48s. per dozen, Cash. This genuine Wine will be much approved.

HENRY BRETT and Co., Importers, Old Farnival's Distillery, Holborn, E.C.

PURE BRANDY, 16s. per Gallon.—PALE or BROWN EAU-DE-VIE, of exquisite flavour and great purity—identical, indeed, in every respect with those choice productions of the Cognac district, which are now difficult to procure at any price—35s. per dozen, French bottles and case included, or 16s. per gallon.

HENRY BRETT and Co., Old Farnival's Distillery, Holborn.

UNSOPHISTICATED GENEVA, of the true Juniper flavour, and precisely as it runs from the Still, without the addition of sugar or any ingredient whatever. Imperial gallon, 13s.; or in one-dozen cases, 29s. each, bottles and case included. Price Currents (free) by post.

HENRY BRETT and Co., Old Farnival's Distillery, Holborn.

WINES FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

DENMAN, INTRODUCER OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN PORT, SHERRY, &c., 20s. PER DOZEN, BOTTLES INCLUDED. A Pint Sample of each for 2d stamps. Wine in Cask forwarded free to any railway station in England.

Extract from THE LANCET, July 10th, 1853.

"THE WINES OF SOUTH AFRICA.—We have visited Mr. Denman's stores, selected in all eleven samples of wine, and have subjected them to careful analysis. Our examination has extended to an estimation of their bouquet and flavour, their acidity and sweetness, the amount of wine stone, the strength in alcohol, and particularly to their purity. We have to state that these wines, though branded to a much less extent than Sherries, are yet, on the average, nearly as strong; that they are pure, wholesome, and perfectly free from adulteration; indeed, considering the low price at which they are sold, their quality is remarkable."

EXCELSIOR BRANDY, Pale or Brown, 15s. per gallon, or 30s. per dozen.

TERMS, CASH. Country orders must contain a remittance. Cross cheques "Bank of London." Price-lists, with Dr. Hassall's analysis, forwarded on application.

JAMES L. DENMAN, 65, Fenchurch-street (corner of Railway-place), London.

MAPPIN'S ELECTRO-SILVER PLATE AND TABLE CUTLERY.

MAPPIN BROTHERS, Manufacturers by Special Appointment to the Queen, are the only Sheffield makers who supply the consumer in London. Their London Show Rooms, 67 and 68, KING WILLIAM STREET, London Bridge, contain by far the largest STOCK OF ELECTRO-SILVER PLATE and TABLE CUTLERY in the World, which is transmitted direct from their Manufactory, QUEEN'S CUTLERY WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

	Fiddle Pattern.	Double Thread.	King's Pattern.	Lily Pattern.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
12 Table Forks, best quality	1 16 0	2 14 0	3 0 0	3 12 0
12 Table Spoons, do.	1 16 0	2 14 0	3 0 0	3 12 0
12 Dessert Forks, do.	1 7 0	2 0 0	2 4 0	2 14 0
12 Dessert Spoons, do.	1 7 0	2 0 0	2 4 0	2 14 0
12 Tea Spoons, do.	0 16 0	1 4 0	1 7 0	1 18 0
2 Sauce Ladles, do.	0 8 0	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 13 0
1 Gravy Spoon, do.	0 7 0	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 13 0
4 Salt Spoons (gilt bowls)	0 6 8	0 10 0	0 12 0	0 14 0
1 Mustard Spoon, do.	0 1 8	0 2 6	0 3 0	0 3 6
1 Pair Sugar Tongs, do.	0 3 6	0 5 6	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Pair Fish Carvers, do.	1 0 0	1 10 0	1 14 0	1 18 0
1 Butter Knife, do.	0 3 0	0 5 0	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Soup Ladle, do.	0 12 0	0 16 0	0 17 6	1 0 0
6 Egg Spoons (gilt) do.	0 10 0	0 15 0	0 18 0	1 1 0

Complete Service £10 15 10 15 16 6 17 13 6 21 4 6

Any Article can be had separately at the same Prices.

One Set of 4 Corner Dishes (forming 8 Dishes), £8 8s.; One Set of 4 Dish Covers—viz., one 20 inch, one 18 inch, and two 14 inch—£10 10s.; Cruet Frame, 4 Glasses, 24s.; Full-Size Tea and Coffee Service, £9 10s. A Costly Book of Engravings, with prices attached, sent per post on receipt of 12 Stamps.

	Ordinary Quality.	Medium Quality.	Best Quality.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Two Dozen Full-Size Table Knives, Ivory Handles	2 4 0	3 6 0	4 12 0
1½ Doz. Full Size Cheese Cutters	1 4 0	1 14 6	2 11 0
One Pair Regular Meat Carvers	0 7 6	0 11 0	0 15 6
One Pair Extra-Sized ditto	0 8 6	0 12 0	0 16 6
One Pair Poultry Carvers	0 7 6	0 11 0	0 15 6
One Steel for Sharpening	0 3 0	0 4 0	0 6 0

Complete Service £4 16 0 6 18 6 9 16 6

Messrs. MAPPIN's Table Knives still maintain their unrivalled superiority; all their blades, being their own Sheffield manufacture, are of the very first quality, with secure Ivory Handles, which do not come loose in hot water; and the difference in price is occasioned solely by the superior quality and thickness of the Ivory Handles.

MAPPIN BROTHERS, 67 and 68, King William-street, City, London; Manufactory, Queen's Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING? KEEP UP YOUR CHANNEL FLEET, and buy your Teas of the EAST INDIA TEA COMPANY, where Sound Tea (Black, Green, or Mixed) can be bought in 6lb. bags at 2s. per lb., and Coffee in the Berry at 10d.

Warehouses, 9, Great St. Helen's Churchyard, Bishopsgate.

PIANOFORTES.—CRAMER, BEALE, and CO.—For Sale or Hire. Every variety, New and Second-hand, warranted.—201, Regent-street.

HARMONIUMS.—CRAMER, BEALE, and CO., have every description. Cramer, Beale, and Co., are also Chief Agents for ALEXANDRE'S NEW PATENT.—201, Regent-street.

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